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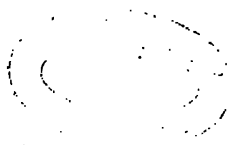
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CONTENTS OF THE SECOND SERIES.

	PAGE
AGAINST INCONSISTENCY IN OUR EXPECTATIONS . . . <i>Mrs. Barbauld.</i>	7
THE ENCHANTMENTS OF THE WIZARD INDOLENCE, AND EXPLOITS OF THE KNIGHT SIR INDUSTRY. From the "Castle of Indolence"	
<i>Thomson.</i>	14
STORIES, NOW FIRST COLLECTED, FROM THE "TATLER," "SPECTATOR," AND "GUARDIAN" <i>Sir Richard Steele.</i>	39
Valentine and Unnion	42
The Fire	43
The Wedding Day	46
The Shipwreck	48
The Alchemists	50
The Violent Husband	54
Inkle and Yarico	55
The Fits	58
CLUBS OF STEELE AND GOLDSMITH	61
The Spectator's Club <i>Steele.</i>	65
The Club of the Tatler "	71
Clubs—Choice Spirits—Muzzy Club—Harmonical So- ciety <i>Goldsmith.</i>	77
COUNT FATHOM'S ADVENTURE IN THE LONE COTTAGE . . . <i>Smollett.</i>	84
THE HERMIT <i>Parnell.</i>	98
PETER POUNCE'S DIALOGUE WITH PARSON ADAMS. FROM "Joseph Andrews" <i>Fielding.</i>	104
VERSES WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY <i>Shenstone.</i>	111
FIVE LETTERS <i>Gray.</i>	115
TO HORACE WALPOLE—A Fox-hunter—A Poet's Solitude —Southern the Dramatist	116
TO RICHARD WEST—Bad Spirits—Recollections of Hus- bands and Statesmen at School	118

	PAGE
TO THE REVEREND NORTON NICHOLLS—Banter of Formal Excuses and Fine Exordiums—Southampton—An Abbot—Sunrise	119
TO THE SAME—A Mother—Scenery of Kent	121
TO THE SAME—Having a Garden of One's Own—Shen- stone—Second Banter of Formal Apologies	123
ADVANTAGES OF CULTIVATING A TASTE FOR PICTURES <i>Jon. Richardson.</i>	126
ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE <i>Gray.</i>	136
A LONG STORY " "	140
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY. From the "Spectator" <i>Addison.</i>	148
Sir Roger's Household Establishment	148
His Behavior in Church on a Sunday	152
Sir Roger and the Gipsies	155
His Visit to the Tombs in Westminster Abbey	159
MANNERS OF THE FRENCH <i>Colonel Pinckney.</i>	164
A HOUSE AND GROUNDS	173
Thoughts on a Garden. From a Letter to Evelyn. <i>Cowley.</i>	178
Thoughts on Retirement. From one of his Letters <i>Sir W. Temple.</i>	183
Old English Garden of the Seventeenth Century " "	185
Petition for an Absolute Retreat <i>Lady Winchilsea.</i>	188
An Old Country House and an Old Lady. From the "Lounger" <i>Mackenzie.</i>	192
Love of the Country in the Decline of Life. From the same	198
TWO SONNETS, AND AN INSCRIPTION ON A SPRING. <i>Thomas Warton.</i>	204
Inscription over a Calm and Clear Spring	205
Written in a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's "Monasticon"	205
Written after seeing Wilton House	205
DESCRIPTIONS OF NIGHT. From the Notes to Ossian. <i>Macpherson.</i>	207
RETIREMENT AND DEATH OF A STATESMAN. From "Memoirs of The Right Honorable Charles James Fox" <i>Trotter.</i>	214
ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD <i>Gray.</i>	222

Against Inconsistency in our Expectations.

FROM AN ESSAY BY MRS. BARBAULD.

BETTER writing or reasoning than the following it would not be easy to find. There are some additional remarks in the original, which, though not without merit, we cannot help thinking by an inferior hand, and have, therefore, omitted. Every sentence here set down is admirable; nor is there anything, however vigorous in the tone, which a noble-minded woman might not utter, without committing the delicacy of her sex. All is conformable to kindness as well as zeal, and to the beauty of right thinking.

In reading this excellent piece of advice one feels astonished to think how so many could have stood in need of it, ourselves perhaps among the number. But so it is. We feel it to have been necessary, while we are surprised at its having been so; and we become anxious that all the world should be acquainted with it. The good it is calculated to do is evident, and of the greatest importance. We have heard of reflecting men who are proud to acknowledge their obligations to it; who say it has influenced the greater part of their lives; and we know of others who have spoken of it with admiration; Mr. Hazlitt for one.

At the same time, good as the spirit of the admonition is for everybody, the line drawn between the seekers of wealth and the cultivators of wisdom appears to us to be a little too strong; or at least to have become so in our days, whatever the case may have been in those in which it was written. The recognition of the beauty and

even the utility of mental accomplishments has latterly been keeping better pace with commercial industry; men in trade have influenced the opinions of the world on the most unexpected and important points, by means of their share of them; and in the passages extracted from the biography of Hutton, the reader has seen an account of a man who, in Mrs. Barbauld's own time, rose to wealth from the humblest beginnings, and whose career was accompanied, nevertheless, by a love of books and by liberal feelings, by the regard and assistance of men of genius, and by the warmest affections of his family. The instance of his distinguished friend Bage, the novelist and paper-maker, is still more striking on the side of independence. But we have noticed them both more at large in the place referred to, as well as the exceptions to sordid rules that have occurred in all ages and nations. Still the essay remains necessary to many, useful and a good caution to all.

Our gratitude must not forget, that the chief honor of the admonition remains with the good old Stoic philosopher, the following passage out of whose writings Mrs. Barbauld made the text of her sermon:—

“What is more reasonable than that they who take pains for anything, should get most in that particular for which they take pains? They have taken pains for power, you for right principles; they for riches, you for a proper use of the appearance of things. See whether they have the advantage of you in that for which you have taken pains, and which they neglect. If they are in power, and you not, why will not you speak the truth to yourself, that you do nothing for the sake of power, but that they do everything? No: but since I take care to have right principles, it is more reasonable that I should have power. Yes, in respect to what you take care about, your principles; but give up to others the things in which they have taken more care than you; else it is just as if, because you have right principles, you should think it fit that when you shoot an arrow you should hit the mark better than an archer, or that you should forge better than a smith.”—CARTER'S *Epictetus*.

AS most of the unhappiness in the world arises rather from disappointed desires than from positive evil, it is of the utmost consequence to attain just notions of the laws and order of the universe, that we may not vex ourselves with fruitless wishes, or give way to groundless and unreasonable discontent. The laws of natural philosophy, indeed, are tolerably understood and attended to; and, though we may

suffer inconveniences, we are seldom disappointed in consequence of them. No man expects to preserve oranges through an English winter; or when he has planted an acorn, to see it become a large oak in a few months. The mind of man naturally yields to necessity, and our wishes soon subside when we see the impossibility of their being gratified. Now, upon an accurate inspection, we shall find in the moral government of the world, and the order of the intellectual system, laws as determinate, fixed, and invariable as any in Newton's *Principia*. The progress of vegetation is not more certain than the growth of habit; nor is the power of attraction more clearly proved, than the force of affection, or the influence of example. The man, therefore, who has well studied the operations of nature in mind as well as matter, will acquire a certain moderation and equity in his claims upon Providence; he will never be disappointed either in himself or others; he will act with precision, and expect that effect, and that alone, from his efforts, which they are naturally adapted to produce. For want of this, men of merit and integrity often censure the dispositions of Providence for suffering the characters they despise to run away with advantages which, they yet know, are purchased by such means as a high and noble spirit could never submit to. If you refuse to pay the price, why expect the purchase? We should consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where Fortune exposes to our view various commodities,—riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Everything is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labor, our ingenuity, is so much ready money we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject, but stand to your own judgment, and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of

well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally insure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth sacrificing everything else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expense and profit; but you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free, unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with a baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things; and as for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and ingenuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right or to the left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That, too, may be purchased by steady application and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life." *Et tibi magna satis!*—Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and re-

tirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have, then, mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. "What reward have I then for all my labors?" What reward! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices, able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God; a rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection; a perpetual spring of fresh ideas; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good heaven!—and what reward can you ask besides?

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, "I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them. It is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied."

You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience, and strict

regard to the rules of morality, makes him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honor and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection, inward freedom from remorse and perturbation, unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners, a genuine integrity, "pure in the last recesses of the mind,"—if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a director, or—what you please. If these be motives too weak, break off by times; and as you have not spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with all the indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of having the bulk of mankind for their disciples, but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life; they plainly told men what sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected.

*Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omissis
Hoc age deliciis.*

If you would be a philosopher, these are the terms. You must do thus and thus. There is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

There is no one quality gives so much dignity to a character as consistency of conduct. Even if a man's pursuits be wrong and unjustifiable, yet if they are prosecuted with steadiness and vigor, we cannot withhold our admiration. The most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one important object and pursue it through life. It was this made Cæsar a great man. His object was ambition; he pursued it steadily, and was always ready to sacrifice to it every interfering passion or inclination.

There is a pretty passage in one of Lucian's dialogues, where Jupiter complains to Cupid that though he has had so many intrigues, he was never sincerely beloved. "In order to be loved," says Cupid, "you must lay aside your ægis and your thunderbolts, and you must curl your hair and place a garland on your head, and walk with a soft step, and assume a winning obsequious deportment." "But," replied Jupiter, "I am not willing to resign so much of my dignity." "Then," returns Cupid, "leave off desiring to be loved."—He wanted to be Jupiter and Adonis at the same time.

The Enchantments of the Wizard Indolence, and Exploits of the Knight Sir Industry.

FROM THE "CASTLE OF INDOLENCE," BY THOMSON.

THE sequestered mansion in which, either in reality or in imagination, we may be reading this poem, must not itself be a Castle of Indolence; yet everybody delights occasionally in being indolent, or in fancying that he shall have a right to be so some day or other. We please ourselves with pictures of perfect rest, even when we can neither enjoy them, nor mean to do so. We would fain have the luxury without the harm or the expense; there is a corner in every one's mind in which we nestle to it; and hence the enjoyment of such poems as this by Thomson, in which every delight of the kind is set before us. The second part is not so good as the first. Thomson found himself more inspired by the vice than by its consequences. And we secretly feel as he and his fellow-idlers did, when Sir Industry first interrupted them. We resent the termination of our pleasures, and look upon the reforming knight as a dull and meddling fellow. Why should he wake us from such a pleasant dream? On reflection, however, we see that the fault is not his, but our own; that we should wake up in a far worse manner, if Sir Industry did not rouse us. There is beautiful poetry in the second part, even exquisite *indolent* bits, or places at least in which we *might* be indolent; in fine, we congratulate ourselves on our virtue, and begin, like the knight, to abuse the old rascally wizard who had pretended to make us his victims. We have retained the best passages in both parts, and

the best only; not without linking them in such a manner as the stanzas luckily enabled us to do, with no violation to a syllable, except the occasional loss of connection with a rhyme. Alteration was out of the question; every word retained is the poet's, and no other is admitted.

Thomson, who was once seen eating a peach off a tree with his hands in his waistcoat pockets, was fourteen or fifteen years writing the *Castle of Indolence*;—a fitting period! We are not to suppose he did nothing between whiles. He was both very indolent and very industrious, for his mind was always at work on his enjoyments, as the world has good reason to know in possessing his *Seasons*. And he wrote tragedies besides, not so good, but full of humane and generous sentiments, with passages worth picking out. He had the luck to be made easy in his circumstances by men in power before it was too late for him to enjoy what he made others enjoy; so he lived at Richmond, singing like one of the birds whom he so justly describes as singing the better, the better they are fed; that is to say, if the genius of singing be in them; for this implies the necessity of giving vent to it.

"What you observe concerning the pursuit of poetry," says he, in a letter to a friend, "so far engaged in it as I am, is certainly just. Besides, let him quit it who can, and 'erit mihi magnus Apollo,' or something as great. A true genius, like light, must be beaming forth, as a false one is an incurable disease. One would not, however, climb Parnassus, any more than your mortal hills, to fix forever on the barren top. No; it is some little dear retirement in the vale below that gives the right relish to the prospect, which, without that, is nothing but enchantment; and though pleasing for some time, at last leaves us in a desert. The great fat doctor of Bath* told me that poets should be kept poor, the more to animate their genius. This is like the cruel custom of putting a bird's eye out that it may sing the sweeter; but, surely, they sing' sweetest amid the luxuriant woods, while the full spring blossoms around them."

Beautifully said is this, and well reasoned too. It is a final answer to all the grudgers of a poet's comfort. Singing, it is true, might and does console him under any circumstances; but why should we

* Supposed to be Dr. Cheyne, who got fat and melancholy with good living, whereas Thomson got fat and merry; for Cheyne was an owl, not a singing bird.

16 ENCHANTMENTS OF THE WIZARD INDOLENCE,

wish him to be consoled, when he can be made happy ? as happy as he would make ourselves ?

Thomson is a greater poet than the style of the *Seasons* would lead us to suppose. He was too modest to approach Nature in the garb of his natural simplicity, so he put on a sort of court suit of classicality, stuffed out with "taffeta phrases" and "silken terms precise." But the true genius is underneath. Perhaps there was something in it of a heavy temperament, and of the "indolence" to which it inclined him. He had a warm heart in a gross body. The *Castle of Indolence* has been thought his best poem, because the style was imitated from that of Spenser. It certainly contains as good poetry as any he wrote ; and the tone of Spenser is charmingly imitated, with an arch but delighted reverence.

CANTO I.

The castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury ;
Where for a little time, alas !
We liv'd right jollity.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate ;
That, like an emmet, thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground :
And there, a season atween June and May,

Half pranked with spring, with summer half embrown'd,
A listless climate made; where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

Was naught around but images of rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurlèd everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds yblent inclinèd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where naught but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idless fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley windèd out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

18 *ENCHANTMENTS OF THE WIZARD INDOLENCE,*

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 Forever flushing round a summer sky ;
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance and unrest
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of chequer'd day and night.

* * * * *

While solitude and perfect silence reign'd,
 So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid Isles,
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
 Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
 To stand embodied to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro,
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

The doors that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
 Self-opened into halls, where who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,

And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And everywhere huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high-flavor'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
E'en undemanded by a sight or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers in the lonely dale
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart,
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induc'd to ease;
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

20 ENCHANTMENTS OF THE WIZARD INDOLENCE,

A certain music, never known before,*
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
Full easily obtain'd. Behooves no more,
But sidelong to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight,
Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it hight.

Ah me ! what hand can touch the string so fine ?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul ?
Now, rising love they fann'd ; now, pleasing dole
They breath'd in tender musings through the heart ;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart ;
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of art !

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state
Of Caliphs old, who, on the Tigris shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store,
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore.
When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muses' lore :
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept still ran
Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing waters sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,

* The Æolian harp, just then invented.

As heaven and earth they would together mell ;
At doors and windows threatening seem'd to call
The demons of the tempest growling fell ;
Yet the least entrance found they none at all,
Where sweeter grew our sleep, secure in mossy hall.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste :
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste ?

Of vanity the mirror this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Ate up with carking care and penurie,
Most like to carcase parch'd on gallows tree.
" A penny savèd is a penny got ;"
Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigor will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire and banishèd his pot.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold !
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air.
In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them share ;
His father's ghost from Limbo Lake the while
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

22 *ENCHANTMENTS OF THE WIZARD INDOLENCE,*

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark ;*
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad ; in thought involv'd, not dark ;
As soot this man would sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart ;
But these his talents were yburied stark ;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found ;
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sate trembling on the welkin's bound ;
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray
Sauntering and slow : so had he passèd many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past ;
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd.
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind

With him was sometimes join'd in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke,)

* Who this person was, does not appear to have been discovered.

One shier still,* who quite detested talk ;
Oft stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak ;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke ;
Ne never utter'd word save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven, the day is done !"

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And sure his linen was not very clean ;
Through secret loop-holes that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;
Unkempt and rough, of squalid face amd mien,
Our Castle's shame ; whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out, for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these hills to rove
A joyous youth,† who took you at first sight ;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light ;
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night ;
For him the merry bells had rung I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good ;
What most elates, then sinks the soul as low ;

* Supposed to be Armstrong.

† Probably the author's friend Patterson, his deputy in the office
of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands.

When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
 The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us grovelling on the dreary shore.
 Taught by this son of Joy, we found it so,
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd Castle all, the abode of Sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
 Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng ;
 And oft he sips their bowl ; or, nearly drown'd,
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
 And scares their tender sleep with trump profound,
 Then out again he flies to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was of sense refin'd,*
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;
 Serene, yet warm ; humane, yet firm his mind ;
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad :
 Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
 To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;
 When as we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better sort this friendly message sent—

“Come, dwell with us, true son of Virtue ! come ;
 But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade
 To lie content beneath our peaceful dome
 Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,

* Lord Lyttleton.

Yet when at last thy toils, but ill apaid,
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and Nature mark ;
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus of the age,*
But call'd by Fame, in soul yprickèd deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
E'en from his slumbers we advantage reap :
With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum. Now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urged sense th' enlightened judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems,†
Who void of envy, guile, or lust of gain,
On Virtue still, and Nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain ;
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat ;
Here quaff'd encircled by the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage ; his ditty sweet
He loathèd much to write, ne carèd to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod ;
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy ;
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,‡
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry :
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,

* Quin, the actor.

† Thomson himself. All but the first line of this stanza is understood to have been written by a friend.

‡ The Rev. Mr. Murdoch, the poet's first biographer.

26 *ENCHANTMENTS OF THE WIZARD INDOLENCE,*

And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by ;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded naught
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs ;
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcel'd out in shares.
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye, then smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth, mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :
Bevies of dainty dames of high degree
From every quarter hither made resort,
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay pour'd out, in ease and luxury :
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom ;
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labor was to kill the time ;
And labor dire it is, and weary woe :
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth with tottering step and slow :
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw ;
Where hours and hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapory god, soft breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found ;
But ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shown.
A place here was, deep, dreary, underground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown.
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there
Unpitied, uttering many a bitter groan :
For of these wretches taken was no care ;
Fierce fiends and hags of hell their only nurses were.

*Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his sides, and snorèd night and day.
To stir him from his traunce it was not eath ;
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway ;
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swol'n and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :
Unwieldy man ! with belly monstrous round,
Forever fed with watery supply :
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of Spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexèd was full oft with ugly fit ;
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low ;

* These four concluding stanzas of Canto I. were written by Armstrong.

28 *ENCHANTMENTS OF THE WIZARD INDOLENCE,*

She felt, or fancied, in her fluttering mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
And still new leeches and new drugs would try,
Her humor ever wavering to and fro ;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings :
The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks ;
A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings :
Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair,
That by his Castle's overthrow
Secur'd and crown'd were.

ESCAP'D the Castle of the Sire of Sin,
Ah ! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?
For all around without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savoring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view : but now another strain
Of doleful note, alas ! remains behind ;
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labor its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and toil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave.

Come then, my Muse! and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,
Thy half-wit scrolls all eaten by the moth;
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of Softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earnt repose.
"Come, come, Sir Knight, thy children on thee call:
Come save us yet, ere ruin round us close,

The demon Indolence thy toil o'erthrows."
 On this the noble color stain'd his cheeks,
 Indignant, glowing thro' the whitening snows
 Of venerable eld ; his eye full-speaks

His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

I will (he cried) so help me, God ! destroy
 That villain Archimage.—His page then strait
 He to him called, a fiery-footed boy,
 Benempt Dispatch. " My steed be at the gate ;
 My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of Fate."
 This net was twisted by the Sisters three,
 Which when once cast o'er hardened wretch, too late
 Repentance comes ; replevy cannot be
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

He came, the bard, a little Druid-wight,
 Of wither'd aspect ; but his eye was keen,
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet gown bedight,
 As is his sister of the copses green,
 He crept along, unpromising of mien.
 Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
 Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
 True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
 Dwells in the mind ; all else is vanity and glare.

" Come" (quoth the knight), " a voice has reach'd mine ear ;
 The demon Indolence threats overthrow
 To all that to mankind is good and dear :
 Come, Philomelus ! let us instant go,
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his Castle low.
 Those men, those wretched men ! who will be slaves,
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe ;
 But some there be thy song, as from their graves,
 Shall raise. Thrice happy he ! who without rigor saves."

Thus holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade,
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said ;
But when he saw, in goodly gear array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His countenance fell ; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect he bade give back
The rabble rout, and welcom'd them full kind ;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song, and, unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his strings ;
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
What pity base his song, who so divinely sings !

Elate in thought he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight ;
But they, instead, as if transmew'd to stone,
Marvell'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners wrong and right.
Meantime the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the knight
He darted fierce to drag him to his bower,
Who back'ning shunn'd his touch, for well he knew his power.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius trapp'd his foe,
E'en so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,

Whereof I mention made not long ago.
 Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flounc'd to and fro ;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
 Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around ;
 Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
 As of infernal sprights in cavern bound ;
 A solemn sadness every creature strook
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground ;
 Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd with blemish'd look,
 As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
 Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.
 " There must" (he cried), " amid so vast a shoal,
 Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
 Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl ;
 Come then, my Bard ! thy heavenly fire impart ;
 Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

The bard obey'd ; and taking from his side,
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
 His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
 The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung :
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song ;
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

Thus ardent burst his strain—"Ye hapless race !
Dire-laboring here to smother Reason's ray,
That lights our Maker's image in our face,
And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway,
What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, say ?
What, but eternal never-resting soul,
Almighty power, and all-directing day,
By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;
Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

"Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass ?
Do not the skies with active ether clean
And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous mass
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face ?
Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?
The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

"Had unambitious mortals minded naught
But in loose joy their time to wear away,
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on their pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day ;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent and gay ;
With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd ;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honor'd been, none prais'd.

"Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;
Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds :

34 ENCHANTMENTS OF THE WIZARD INDOLENCE.

The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains ;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapped in weeds,
Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

"But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require ;
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad ; let industry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath ;
Who does not act, is dead : absorpt entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath ;
O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death !

"O who can speak the vigorous joys of health ;
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind ;
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind ;
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find ;
See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds ;
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasure
breeds ?

"There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
All may be done, (methinks I hear them say,)
E'en death despis'd, by generous actions fair ;
All but for those who to these bowers repair ;
Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
To quit of torpid Sluggishness the lair,

And from the powerful arms of Sloth get free
'Tis rising from the dead—alas!—it cannot be!

“Would you then learn to dissipate the band
Of these huge threat'ning difficulties dire,
That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
Exert that noble privilege, alone,
Here to mankind indulg'd; control desire;
Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign throne,
Speak the commanding word, I will!—and it is done.

“Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
Your few important days of trial here?
Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
Through endless states of being, still more near
To bliss approaching, and perfection clear?
Can you renounce a fortune so sublime?
Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
No! no! your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the sordid
crime!”

“Enough! enough!” they cried. Strait from the crowd
The better sort on wings of transport fly;
As when amid the lifeless summits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play,
Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new being gay.

But far the greater part with rage inflam'd,
 Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
 "Ye sons of Hate!" (they bitterly exclaim'd),
 "What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
 While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
 We passed the harmless sabbath of our time,
 What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
 Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime?
 Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven sublime."

"Ye impious wretches!" (quoth the knight in wrath),
 "Your happiness behold!"—then strait a wand
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
 Sudden the landscape sinks on every hand;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
 And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorrèd ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
 Unhappy wights, who loathèd life, yhung;
 Or in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
 These by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night con-
 troll'd
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train
 Of those he rescued had from gaping hell,

Then turn'd the knight, and to his hall again
Soft pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell ;
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell ;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands, they meek repentance feign'd.

But, ah ! their scorn'd day of grace was past ;
For (horrible to tell) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast,
With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd,
Nor waving shade was seen, nor mountain fair ;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Thro' which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloudless air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a gray waste appear'd,
Where naught but putrid streams and noisome fogs
Forever hung on drizzly Auster's beard ;
Or else the ground by piercing Caurus sear'd,
Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow :
Thro' these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurried to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

The first was with base dunhill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale in which they flutter'd light ;
Of morbid hue, his features sunk and sad ;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light ;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile ;

Direful to see ! an heart-appalling sight !
Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile,
And dogs, where'er he went, still barkèd all the while.

The other was a fell despightful fiend :
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below ;
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancor, keen'd ;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe ;
With nose upturn'd, he always made a show,
As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye
Was cold and keen, like blast from boreal snow,
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

E'en so thro' Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along ;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeāk, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among ;
But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
And aye, of barking dogs the biter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

Stories by Sir Richard Steele.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

THESE stories, with the exception of two, compose the entire set contributed by this great master of character and sentiment to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. They are remarkable for going to the heart of their subjects with a comprehensive brevity; and are just such stories as a man might tell over his wine to a party of friends. Addison's stories are of a more fanciful sort, and more elegant in the style; some of them are charming; but they are pieces of writing—these are relations. They have all the warmth as well as brevity of unpremeditated accounts, given as occasion called them forth. Steele, indeed, may be said to have always talked, rather than written; and hence the beauties as well as defects of his style, which is apt to be too carelessly colloquial.

Steele, like Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith—in fact, like almost all our most entertaining wits and novelists, not excepting (on a great scale) Sir Walter Scott himself—was an impulsive and imprudent man, not attentive enough to his outlays, and too sanguine about his income. He warranted, perhaps, the remonstrances of his staid friend Addison; and was more touched than comforted by them, from feeling that they were useless. The remonstrances (if they were of the harsh and practical nature they are said to have been), would have come with less ungraciousness from a more genial and generous man; that is to say, supposing such a man would have thought them advisable. Objections to men like Steele come indeed with grace from none but

generous persons, liable to his temptations, and superior to them. Such persons have made such objections, though not unaccompanied with assumptions that might have been spared; probably in consequence of the re-action in Steele's favor in the writings of Hazlitt and others. The objections, however, deserve to be respectfully replied to; and the just reply, we think, is, that you must consider every writer and every man as the result of all the circumstances that have made him what he is, bodily and mental, and then judge whether that result is a gain and pleasure to the world, and a compensation for the less allowable of those circumstances. For a man cannot be one man and another too; cannot be Steele and Addison both; at least we are not aware that any such person has been met with, however modified the varieties of their like may be. Would you have had no such thing as Steele's imprudence, and been content to lose the *Tatler* and the *Guardian*? as Fielding's, and been without *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*? as Smollett's, and had no *Roderick Random* or *Humphrey Clinker*? Or, if you say that Addison could have written, and did write, as good and humorous things as those, will you say that the others did not write with a difference from Addison; and with such a difference as the world strongly feels and highly delights in? You will grant this of course. What constitutes, then, the difference of Steele, of Fielding, and of Smollet, from such a writer as Addison? and could that difference have delighted us as it does, had it not resulted from the entire natures and circumstances of the men? Very foolish and very presumptuous, we grant, would it be in any given imprudent person to quote their example in his defence, even though he should turn out some day to have had warrant for it, or be regarded with indulgence meantime by such as think he has. Those who have nothing in them to justify such an exceptional consideration, come under another category altogether, whatever may be said in their excuse; and those who have something, must be content modestly to await the chance of its recognition, and to pay in the meantime the penalty of its drawbacks.

If there were no worse men in the world than Steele, what a planet we should have of it? Steele knew his own foibles as well as any man. He regretted, and made amends for them, and left posterity a name for which they have reason to thank and love him. Posterity thanks Addison too; but it can hardly be said to love him, even by the help of the good old knight Sir Roger, whom Steele invented for him.

Perhaps they would have loved him more, had he too confessed his faults ; or even had he told them in what the only one consisted, at which he hinted when he sent for Gay on his death-bed, and asked his pardon for having done him some wrong. Steele asked pardon for wrong, long before he died. The last thing we hear of him is neither a solitary acknowledgment nor a Christian vaunt, but his sitting out of doors in his retirement, giving the village maidens prizes to contend for. He said modestly of his life—(far too modestly, for he was a loving husband and father, and a disinterested patriot), that it “ was but pardonable ;” and in his beautiful effusion to the memory of his friend Estcourt the comedian, he expressed his gratitude to that honest mimic for having made him sensible of his defects, and taught him to care for nothing but the subjection of his will.

The reader will find the passage below.*

Truly curious was it, and lucky for the world that Dick Steele and Joseph Addison should have grown up together from childhood, and become the Beaumont and Fletcher of social ethics. But they had

* “ What was peculiarly excellent in this memorable companion was, that in the accounts he gave of persons and sentiments he did not only hit the figure of their faces and manner of their gestures, but he would, in his narrations, fall into their way of thinking, and this when he recounted passages wherein men of the best wits were concerned, as well as such wherein were represented men of the lowest rank of understanding. It is certain as great an instance of self-love to a weakness, to be impatient of being mimicked, as any can be imagined. There were none but the vain, the formal, the proud, or those who were incapable of amending their faults, dreaded him ; to others he was in the highest degree pleasing : and I do not know any satisfaction of any different kind I ever tasted so much, as having got over an impatience of seeing myself in the air he could put me when I had displeased him. It is indeed owing to his exquisite talent this way, more than any philosophy I could read on the subject, that my person is very little of my care ; and it is indifferent to me what is said of my shape, my air, my manner, my speech, or my address. It is to poor Estcourt I chiefly owe, that I am arrived at the happiness of thinking nothing a diminution to me, but what argues a depravity of my will.

“ I have been present with him among men of the most delicate taste the whole night, and have known him (for he saw it was desired) keep the discourse to himself the most part of it, and maintain his good-humor with a countenance and in a language so delightful, without offence to any person or thing upon earth, still preserving the distance his circumstances obliged him to ; I say, I have seen him do all this in such a charming manner, that I am sure none of those I hint at will read this, without giving some sorrow for their abundant mirth, and one gush of tears for so many bursts of laughter. I wish it were any honor to the pleasant creature's memory, that my eyes are too much suffused to let me go on——”

tastes in common, and admirable was the result; a music more charming for the counter-point; Addison's hand the staid and the calmer, the more artful, the more informed, yet playful withal, though never losing its self-possession;—Steele's the more wandering and capricious, the lighter, the less solemn, yet now and then touching forth notes of a more tender sweetness, and such as fill the eyes with tears. Addison knew nothing of those.

The reader will find evidences of this pathos in most of the following stories. Those of *Valentine and Unnion*, and *Inkle and Yarico*, he has probably been acquainted with from childhood; but they are repeated for that reason. Both are master-pieces; the latter would be not unworthy of perusal after one of Chaucer's. The *Dream* is lovely; and the *Fire*, and the *Wedding Day*, heart-rending. It is remarkable, considering the gaiety of most of Steele's writings, that there should be only one comic story out of the eight. The husband's *flopping* down by the side of his wife, and whispering in her insensible ear, is very ludicrous.

VALENTINE AND UNNION.

AT the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by Captain Pincet, in Colonel Frederick Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private sentinel; there happened between these two men a dispute about a matter of love, which upon some aggravations grew to an irreconcilable hatred. Unnion, being the officer of Valentine, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the spite and revenge which moved him to it. The sentinel bore it without resistance, but frequently said he would die to be revenged of that tyrant. They had spent whole months thus, one injuring, the other complaining, when in the midst of this rage towards each other they were commanded upon the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell; the French pressing on, and he expect-

ing to be trampled to death, called out to his enemy, " Ah, Valentine ! can you leave me here ?" Valentine immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick fire of the French took the corporal upon his back and brought him through all that danger as far as the Abbey of Salsine, where a cannon ball took off his head : his body fell under his enemy, whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose up, tearing his hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding carcass, crying, " Ah, Valentine ! was it for me who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died ? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the body, but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent his wounds were dressed by force ; but the next day, still calling upon Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in the pangs of remorse and despair.

THE FIRE.

CLARINDA and Chloe, two very fine women, were bred up as sisters in the family of Romeo, who was the father of Chloe and guardian of Clarinda. Philander, a young gentleman of a good person and charming conversation, being a friend of old Romeo, frequented his house, and by that means was much in conversation with the young ladies, though still in the presence of the father and the guardian. The ladies both entertained a secret passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the delight which he really took in Romeo's conversation, that there was something more in his heart which made him so assiduous a visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy woman, but the person beloved

was Chloe. It happened that both of them were at a play on a carnival evening, when it is the fashion there,* as well as in most countries of Europe, both for men and women, to appear in masks and disguises. It was in that memorable night in the year 1679, when the playhouse by some unhappy accident was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was, burst open the door of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms, and with unspeakable resolution and good fortune carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd but he set her down, and grasping her in his arms with all the raptures of a deserving lover, "How happy am I," says he, "in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of showing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it." "My dear, dear Philander," says the lady, pulling off her mask, "this is not the time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved, and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it." Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda! After a short pause, "Madam," says he, with the looks of a dead man, "we are both mistaken;" and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, "Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the theatre?" Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and after having brought

* In Denmark, Philander, Chloe, &c. sound very absurd as Danish people, but this application of ancient names to modern persons was the taste of the age. Romeo, however, was an innovation still more fantastical. Steele, I suppose, in despair for some fresh name, had it suggested to him by the theatrical ground of this most affecting story.

her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness, than any there endeavored to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe stood, expecting her fate, amidst this scene of terror and distraction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed, and amidst a thousand sobs and sighs told her his love and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames, and the whole house full of smoke; the entrance was quite barred up with heaps of people who had fallen upon one another as they endeavored to get out. Swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides, and in short there was no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms—the fire surrounds them, while . . . I cannot go on . . .

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me that there must be an hereafter; for who can believe that so much virtue could meet with so great distress without a following reward? For my part, I am so old-fashioned as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous enterprises are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits.

THE WEDDING DAY.

A GENTLEMAN who had courted a most agreeable young woman and won her heart, obtained also the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old man had a fancy that they should be married in the same church where he himself was, in a village in Westmoreland, and made them set out while he was laid up with the gout in London. The bridegroom took only his man, the bride her maid: they had the most agreeable journey imaginable to the place of marriage, from whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his wife's father:—

“*March 18, 1672.*”

“SIR,—After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour in which I am to be your son. I assure you that the bride carries it, in the eye of the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother; though, he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence

“Your most dutiful son,

“T. D.

“The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.”

The villagers were assembling about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's man knew his master would leave the place on a sudden after the wedding, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity to go into his chamber

and charge them. Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room; and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and, presenting it to her, said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery: "Now, madam, repent of all these cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair." "Give fire!" said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? but he bore it so patiently as to call upon his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. "Will," said he, "did you charge these pistols?" He answered "Yes." Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress:—

"SIR,—I, who two hours ago, told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding-day. I will immediately follow my wife to her grave; but before I throw myself on my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man! Remember he that killed your daughter, died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me."

THE SHIPWRECK.

A YOUNG gentleman and lady, of ancient and honorable houses in Cornwall, had from their childhood entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after their nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country to take care of a considerable fortune that had been left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on the occasion; and I remember it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, "You see how faithful love is rewarded."

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home, every post, fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return with the next ship, he lamented, in his letters, that "business would detain him some time longer from home," because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman; and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life, in the happy change in their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquillity, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet;

when, at a distance, her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest, and with a smile told her, "she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it." They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, "if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for the child of which she was then big, provided she might be god-mother." Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections on the occasion. "Who knows," said she, "but this man may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house, the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? or may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half-a-dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, is decently buried." She turned away, when a wave threw the carcase on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, "Oh my cousin!" and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her

young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance ; but the wife was gone forever.

When the family and neighborhood got together round the bodies, no one asked any questions, but the objects before them told the story.

THE ALCHEMISTS.

BASILIUS Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries ; but, as they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and the pure of heart, Basilius did not open to him, because of his youth and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch over against which his son was seated, and prepared by sending out servants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the most important of his secrets with the solemnity and language of an adept. "My son," said he, "many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, constant the labors of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful estate to his posterity, but also to take care that he should have no posterity. Be not amazed, my child ; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have posterity. Observe this small phial and this gallipot ; in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are collected such powers as

shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new strength, new spirits, and in a word wholly restore all the organs and senses of the human body, to as great a duration as it had before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of these my medicines. But, my beloved son, care must be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of resuscitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation, and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent ; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my lips this inestimable liquor, else the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life, as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aside the authority of having bestowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against such another period of time as will demand another application of the same restoratives." In a few days after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Basilius departed this life ; but such was the pious sorrow of the son at the loss of so excellent a father, and the first transports of grief had so disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleasure, and considered his father had lived out his natural time—his life was long and uniform—suitable to the regularity of it—but that he himself, poor sinner, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto ; and in the examination of his heart resolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spend very piously, the life to which he should be reduced by application of these rarities, when time should come, to his own person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the self-love of men who would do immoderately for their offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications; insomuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labor and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of Basilius; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expenses, furniture, and insolent equipage; and this he pursued, till the departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As Basilius was punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus, besides that jealousy, had proofs of the vicious disposition of his son Kenatus, for that was his name.

Alexandrinus, as I observed, having very good reasons for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make sure work, and hope for his success depending from the avarice, not the bounty, of his benefactor.

With this thought he called Kenatus to his bedside, and bespoke him in the most pathetic gesture and accent. "As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could escape the fame or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilius. His symbol is very well known in the philosophic world, and I shall never forget the venerable air of his countenance when he let me into the profound mysteries of the table of Hermes. 'It is true,' said he, 'and far removed from all color of deceit, that which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work; the father is the sun, the mother is the moon, the wind is the womb, the earth is the nurse of it, and the mother of all per-

fection.' All this must be received with modesty and wisdom. The chemical people carry in all their jargon a whimsical sort of piety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their regularity and strictness of manners, for the ends of the world, has some affinity to the innocence of heart which must recommend them to the next." Kenatus wondered to hear his father talk so like an adept, and with such a mixture of piety, while Alexandrinus observing his attention fixed, proceeded. "This phial, child, and this little earthen pot, will add to thy estate so much as to make thee the richest man in the German empire. I am going to my long home, but shall not return to common dust." Then he resumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him that if within an hour after his death he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Basilus, the corpse would be converted into pure gold. I will not attempt to express to you the unfeigned tenderness that passed between these two extraordinary persons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the son was not behindhand in professing that he would not cut off the least bit of him but upon the utmost extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and sisters.

Well, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body, as our term is, could not forbear in the wantonness of his heart to measure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and cast up the ensuing value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immense reward of his pains, he began the work: but lo! when he had anointed the corpse all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body stirred, and Kenatus, in a fright, broke the phial.

THE VIOLENT HUSBAND.

MR. EUSTACE, a young gentleman of good estate near Dublin, in Ireland, married a lady of youth, beauty, and modesty, and lived with her, in general, with much ease and tranquillity ; but was in his secret temper impatient of rebuke. She was apt to fall into little sallies of passion ; yet as suddenly recalled by her own reflection on her fault, and the consideration of her husband's temper. It happened, as he, his wife, and her sister, were at supper together about two months ago, that in the midst of a careless and familiar conversation the sisters fell into a little warmth and contradiction. He, who was one of that sort of men who are never unconcerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous passion on the side of the sister. The person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no restraint from running into vain repetitions of past heats ; on which occasion all the aggravations of anger and distaste boiled up, and were repeated with the bitterness of exasperated lovers. The wife, observing her husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two people, who from their infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every half-hour. But it descended deeper into his thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen silence. The wife immediately retired to her chamber, whither her husband soon after followed. When they were in bed he soon dissembled a sleep ; and she, pleased that his thoughts were composed, fell into a real one. Their apartment was very distant from the rest of their family in a lonely country house. He now saw his opportunity, and with a dagger he had brought to bed with him, stabbed his wife in the side. She awaked in the highest terror ; but immediately

imagining it was a blow designed for her husband by ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to awake and rouse him to defend himself. He still pretended himself sleeping, and gave her a second wound.

She now drew open the curtain, and, by the help of moonlight, saw his hand lifted up to stab her. The horror disarmed her from further struggling; and he, enraged anew at being discovered, fixed his poniard in her bosom. As soon as he believed he had despatched her, he attempted to escape out of the window; but she, still alive, called to him not to hurt himself, for she might live. He was so stung with the insupportable reflection upon her goodness, and his own villainy, that he jumped to the bed, and wounded her all over with as much rage as if every blow was provoked by new aggravations. In this fury of mind he fled away. His wife had still strength to go to her sister's apartment, and give an account of this wonderful tragedy; but died the next day. Some weeks after, an officer of justice, in attempting to seize the criminal, fired upon him, as did the criminal upon the officer. Both their balls took place, and both immediately expired.

INKLE AND YARICO.

MR. THOMAS INKLE, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulse of his passions, by pre-

possession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigor in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles in some distress put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamored of him, and consequently desirous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its color to that of her fingers. Then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful bugles, shells, and breches. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of

beasts, and most fancy-colored feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favor of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasion to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for many months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signal; and in the night with the utmost joy and satisfaction accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen bound for Barbadoes. When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant, notwithstanding that the poor girl, to incline him to commiserate her condition, told

him she was with child by him; but he only made use of the information to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

THE FITS.

A FINE town-lady was married to a country gentleman of ancient descent in one of the counties of Great Britain, who had good-humor to a weakness, and was that sort of person, of whom it is said, he is no man's enemy but his own; one, who had too much tenderness of soul to have any authority with his wife; and she too little sense to give him any authority, for that reason. His kind wife observed this temper in him, and made proper use of it. But knowing it was beneath a gentlewoman to wrangle, she resolved upon an expedient to save decorum, and wean her dear to her point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever she was repulsed in a request, or contradicted in a discourse. It was a fish-day, when, in the midst of her husband's good-humor at table, she bethought herself to try her project. She made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for drink. "No, my dear," said she, recovering, "it is down, do not be frightened." This accident betrayed his fondness enough. The next day she complained, a lady's chariot, whose husband had not half his estate, had a crane-neck, and hung with twice the air that hers did. He answered, "Madam, you know my income: you know I have lost two coach-horses this spring,"—down she fell. "Hartshorn! Betty, Susan, Alicè, throw water in her face." With much care and pains, she was at last brought to herself, and the vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner to prevent relapses; but they frequently

happened during that husband's whole life, which he had the good fortune to end in a few years after. The disconsolate widow soon pitched upon a very agreeable successor, whom she very prudently designed to govern by the same method. This man knew her little arts, and resolved to break through all tenderness, and be absolute master as soon as occasion offered. One day it happened that a discourse arose about furniture; he was very glad of the occasion, and fell into an invective against china, protesting, that he "would never let five pounds more of his money be laid out that way as long as he breathed." She immediately fainted. He starts up as amazed, and calls for help. The maids run to the closet. He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats the palms of her hands; her convulsions increase; and down she stumbles on the floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole family, from the nursery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every servant was there helping or lamenting their mistress, he, fixing his cheek to hers, seemed to be following in a trance of sorrow; but secretly whispers her, "My dear, this will never do: what is within my power and fortune you may always command; but none of your artifices; you are quite in other hands than those you passed these pretty passions upon." This made her almost in the condition she pretended; her convulsions now came thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind man doubles his care, helps the servants to throw water in her face by full quarts; and when the sinking part of the fit came again, "Well, my dear," said he, "I applaud your actions; but I must take my leave of you till you are more sincere with me; farewell forever; you shall always know where to hear of me, and want for nothing." With that he ordered her maids to keep plying her with hartshorn, while he went for a physician; he was scarce

at the stair-head when she followed, and pulling him into a closet, thanked him for her cure; which was so absolute, that she gave me this relation herself, to be communicated for the benefit of all the voluntary invalids of her sex.

Clubs of Steele and Goldsmith.

THE primary signification of the word Club, in its sense of a meeting of companions, appears to be derived from the same root as that of the massy stick, and means a consolidated body of persons large enough to amount to something substantial; something more than accidental and of no account.

A club appears formerly to have meant any such body organized for a common object. It may now be defined to be a set of persons associated for companionable enjoyment, at stated times and with a division of expenses.

Clubs of this kind are thought to be of very modern origin. We suspect they are as old as flourishing communities. Traces of them are discernible in the literature of Greece and Rome, and the East, especially in bacchanalian poetry. Indeed it would be strange if such had not been the case, considering in how many respects men are alike in all ages, and that where good cheer is to be found, they naturally flock together. We are not aware, however, of any ascertained instance of a club, earlier than the famous one at the Devil Tavern, for which Ben Jonson wrote his Latin rules; and perhaps the name, in the modern sense, is hardly appropriate even to this. It is not certain that the rules applied to an organized body of contributors to the expense, in contradistinction to a permitted range of payers. Clubs thickened in the time of the Commonwealth, and exhibited their undoubted modern character in that of Steele and Addison. The meeting of wits in Dryden's time appears to have taken place in the open coffee-room. It is in the clubs of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, that we

first meet with all the characteristics of the modern club—its closed doors, regular members, and “creature comforts.”

“Supper and friends expect me at the Rose.”

Addison, whose home was not happy, and whose blood required a stimulus to set his wit flowing, found his greatest enjoyment in the tavern-room; Steele was born for one; and except wit, ladies, gallants, and good morals, there is nothing you hear more of in their periodicals, than clubs. The circumstances which brought people together in this kind of society, were often of so fantastic a nature, that it is not easy to distinguish the real from the imaginary sort in the pages of these writers; but some of the names are historical. There is, in the first place, the Spectator's own club, with immortal Sir Roger de Coverley, and Will Honeycomb. Then come the Fat Club, the Thin Club, the Club of Kings (that is to say, of people of the name of King); the St. George's Club, who swore “Before George” (which would seem to be Jacobitical, if they had not met on St. George's day); Street Clubs (composed of members residing in the same street); the Hum-Drum and Mum Clubs (who ingeniously smoked and held their tongues); the Duellists (famous for being killed and “hung”); the Kit-Cat (the great Whig Club, whose name originated in tarts made by Christopher Katt); the Beef-Steak (founded by Estcourt the comedian); the October (a club of Tory country-gentlemen and beer-drinkers); the Ugly Club; the Sighing or Amorous Club; the Fringe-Glove Club (a set of fops); the Hebdomadal (a set of quidnuncs); the Everlasting (some of whom were always sitting); the Club of She-Romps, who once a month “demolished a prude” (this looks like a foundation of Steele's acquaintance, Lady Mary Wortley Montague); the Mohochs, who demolished windows and watchmen, and ran their swords through sedan-chairs (really); the Little or Short Club (an invention of Pope's); the Tall (an invention of Addison's); the Terrible (Steele's); the Silent, who had loud wives, and whose motto was, “Talking spoils company” (an invention of Zachary Pearce's, bishop of Rochester); and last not least, the Club at the Trumpet, in Shire Lane, of which more anon. These, we believe, are all the Clubs mentioned in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. Brookes's, and (we think) White's, which are still places of meeting for the wits, politicians, and gamblers of high life, arose before the

dissolution of some of them. Then there is the second Beef-Steak Club (founded by Rich the harlequin); the famous Literary Club (originating with Dr. Johnson); the Club of Monks at Medmenham Abbey (a profligate mistake); the King of Clubs (Bobus Smith's, "himself a club," brother of Sydney); and the high quality club entitled *Nulli Secundus*, or Second to None (which a metaphysical wag might translate, Worse than Nothing). Endless would be the enumeration, even if they could be discovered, of the Freemason and other clubs, which have attained a minor celebrity, and imitations of which branch off through all the gradations of tavern and public-house, and are to be found all over the kingdom,—such as Odd Fellows, Merry Fellows, Eccentrics, Free and Easys, Lords and Commons, &c. &c., illustrious at Cheshire Cheeses, and Holes in the Wall; and often better than best for comfort. We must not forget one, however, of which we have read somewhere, called the Livers, which had bottles shaped like inverted cones, so that the wine would "stand" with nobody, but was forced to be always in circulation. The reader will not be surprised to hear, that these "Livers" were famous for dying before their time.

Johnson said, that a tavern chair was the "throne of human felicity." That to him it was, we have no doubt; and with admirable wit and sense he filled it. Yet the word "throne" betrays a defect in the right club notion. His felicity consisted in laying down the law, and having the best of the argument. There was too much in it of his illustrious namesake the poet. We suspect, however, that although Johnson was greatest among his great friends, he was pleasantest among his least. He had to make the most of them in his turn, and to set them a good example. He has the merit of having invented the word "clubable." Boswell, said he, is a "clubable man." He meant intelligent, social, and good tempered. These are the three great requisites for a clubbist; and it is better to miss the intelligence than the sociality, and the sociality than the good temper. The great end of a club is the refreshment to the spirits, after the cares of business or of home, whether those cares be of a bad or a good sort; and though intellect may be everything with some, and sociality with others, better is the merest puff of a tobacco-pipe with peace, than Johnson himself or Burke without it. We are for the Hum-Drums in preference to the Duellists; for a little noise with good fellowship to the Hum-Drums; for good fellowship and wit without the noise to

anything. But if we cannot have all we desire in those respects, give us a few chatty, cordial people, neither geniuses nor fools, with whom the news of the day and questions of personal interest can be exchanged, with the certainty that there will at least be peace and harmony, if little wit. Intellect and wit enough can be got from books; perhaps too much of them may have been met with in the course of the day. But a club is the next thing before a pillow; and if it is to refresh you after the day's employment, it should do it in a manner that at all events dismisses you tranquilly to your repose for the night. We suspect, upon the whole, that the Street and Village Clubs have been most successful; meetings established by the natural course of things, and expecting nothing but a comparison of daily notes and a little cheerful refreshment. As to great Reform and Conservative Clubs, Athenæums, &c., they may be good for public objects, but publicity has nothing to do with the comfort suitable to the club proper; and those institutions in fact, club-wards, are but escapes from domesticity into cheapness and solitude. A man may be a great frequenter of them, and club with nothing but callers on business and a lonely dinner-table. The club to belong to, of all others, would be one composed of good-natured men of genius, such as Steele, Fielding, and Thomson, who had reflection enough for all subjects, enthusiasm enough to give them animation, good breeding enough to hinder the animation from becoming noisy, and humanity enough to make allowance for honest occasional departures from any rule whatever. Shakespeare would include such men in his all-comprehensive person; but we are not sure that he would not over-inform the club with intellect; set it too abundantly thinking; and besides, it is difficult, as modern clubbists, to take to the idea of a man of a distant period, with a different style of language, and retrospective meats and drinks. Otherwise Chaucer would surely be a perfect member; and who would not rejoice in the company of Suckling and Marvell?

We have selected the following clubs from the writings of Steele and Goldsmith, as exemplifying the three main varieties; the well-bred, humorous, but intellectual club (for though Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb make the principal figures in the account of it, it is to be recollected that the Spectator is there); the Trumpet Club in Shire Lane, frequented by the Tatler, which is the ordinary common-place club of smokers and old story-tellers, by way of opiate, bedwards; and the clubs of low life, which Goldsmith, as a cosmopo-

lite, delighted to paint, and which had probably often seen him as a visitor, without suspecting that the simple-looking Irishman was a genius come to immortalize it. Steele's delineations are exquisite; but Goldsmith's are no less so.

THE SPECTATOR'S CLUB.*

BY STEELE.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster.† But be-

* No. 2.

† This has been thought inconsistent with Sir Roger's character for simplicity; but it is not so. It only shows that simplicity is compatible with the imitation of anything in vogue during the outset of life. Collins, the poet, whose subsequent appearance Johnson de-

ing ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. 'Tis said Sir Roger grew humble in his desires after he had forgot this cruel beauty, insomuch that it is reported he has frequently offended in point of chastity with beggars and gipsies; but this is looked upon by his friends rather as a matter of raillery than truth. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich; his servants look satisfied; all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is Justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a Quarter Session with great ability; and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of

scribes as "decent and manly," astonished his friends by the foppishness of his dress on his first coming to town; and Charles Fox, the simplest of men, was at one time a beau of the first fashion. At least he undertook to appear such. We suspect that the fopperies of Sir Roger, and of the poet, and the statesman, might all have been seen through by discerning eyes.

an old humorous father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up, every post, questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures, in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the Orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his most intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for publication. His taste for books is a little too just for the age lives in. He has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic; and the time of the play is his hour of business. Exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's* till the play begins. He has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's, as you go in to the Rose.† It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

* A coffee-house in Russell Street, Covent Garden, frequented by the wits. It occupied the south-west corner of Bow Street; and was the house that Dryden had frequented.

† The tavern mentioned in the pleasant story of the "Medicine" in the first volume of the *Taller*, No. 2. We know not where it stood; probably in Rose Street, in the above neighborhood.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London ; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms ; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation ; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor ; and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar ; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men ; though, at the same time, I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew Freeport in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but of invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved with great gallantry in several engagements, and at several sieges ; but, having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger,

he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an even regular behavior, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him. Therefore he will conclude that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in affecting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentlemen speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his

life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, Time has made but a very little impression upon him, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, or that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered with such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten; another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or blow of the fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. . . .

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, he adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and such business as preferments in his function would oblige him to. He is therefore among divines what a chamber counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind,

and the integrity of his life, create him followers ; as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon ; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world ; as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

THE CLUB OF THE TATLER.*

BY THE SAME.

"Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi sermonis aviditatem auxit, potationis et cibi sustulit."

TULL. DE SEN.

"I am much beholden to old age, which has increased my eagerness for conversation, in proportion as it has lessened my appetite of hunger and thirst."

AFTER having applied my mind with more than ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual custom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of such as are rather easy than shining companions. This I find particularly necessary for me before I retire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men, with whom I have passed many hours with much indolence, though not with great pleasure. Their conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep. It takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into that state of tranquillity which is the condition of a thinking man when he is but half awake. After this my reader will not be surprised to hear the account which I am about to give of a club of my own contemporaries, among

whom I pass two or three hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to the society at the Trumpet,* of which I am a member, did not I in some part of my writings give an account of the persons among whom I have passed almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen; but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary times, and partly by the natural effects of old age, we are at present reduced to a third part of that number; in which, however, we have this consolation, that the best company is said to consist of five persons. I must confess, besides the afore-mentioned benefit which I meet with in the conversation of this select society, I am not the less pleased with the company in which I find myself the greatest wit among them, and am heard as their oracle in all points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeffry Notch, who is the oldest of the club, has been in possession of the right-hand chair time out of mind, and is the only man among us that has the liberty of stirring the fire. This, our foreman, is a gentleman of an ancient family that came to a great estate some years before he had discretion, and run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for which reason he looks upon himself as an honest worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the world, and calls every thriving man an upstart.

* The Trumpet was a public-house in the lane in which Steele, as the Tatler or Mr. Bickerstaff, pretended to live. This lane was no greater locality than Shire Lane, lately so called, close to Temple Bar, now Great Shire Lane; and the Trumpet is still extant as a public-house, called the Duke of York. Here, in the drawing-room (for the dignity's sake), we may fancy Major Matchlock and old Dick Reptile doling forth their respective insipidities.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart. He does not think any action in Europe worth talking of since the fight of Marston Moor;* and every night tells us of his having been knocked off his horse at the rising of the London apprentices;† for which he is in great esteem amongst us.

Honest old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. He is a good-natured indolent man, who speaks little himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his young nephew along with him, a youth of eighteen years old, to show him good company, and give him a taste of the world. This young fellow sits generally silent, but whenever he opens his mouth, or laughs at anything that passes, he is constantly told by his uncle, after a jocular manner, "Ay, ay, Jack, you young men think us fools; but we old men know you are."

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a Bencher of the neighboring Inn, who in his youth frequented the ordinaries about Charing Cross, and pretends to have been intimate with Jack Ogle.‡ He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and never leaves the club until he has applied them all. If any modern wit be mentioned, or any town frolic spoken of, he shakes his head at the dulness of the present age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

For my part, I am esteemed among them because they

* In 1644, where Cromwell's cavalry turned the day against Charles I.

† Probably in 1647, when they forced their way into the House of Commons with a petition signed by ten thousand citizens. But as the date of the club is 1709, the Major must have been a very old gentleman indeed, if his memory served him rightly.

‡ Jack Ogle was a wild fellow about town, whose sister is said to have been one of the mistresses of the Duke of York (James II.)

see I am something respected by others; though at the same time I understand by their behavior that I am considered by them as a man of a great deal of learning, but no knowledge of the world; insomuch that the Major sometimes, in the height of his military pride, calls me the philosopher; and Sir Jeffry, no longer ago than last night, upon a dispute what day of the month it was then in Holland, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and cried, "What does the scholar say to it?"

Our club meets precisely at six o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last night until half an hour after seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the Major usually begins at about three quarters after six. I found also that my good friend the Bencher had already spent three of his distichs, and only waited an opportunity to hear a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce the couplet* where "a stick" rhymes to "ecclesiastic." At my entrance into the room, they were naming a red petticoat and a cloak, by which I found that the Bencher had been diverting them with a story of Jack Ogle.†

I had no sooner taken my seat, but Sir Jeffry, to show his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of his own tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I look upon it as a point of morality

* In Hudibras.

† The story is thus given in the notes to the variorum edition of the Tatler, published in 1797. Ogle once rode "as a private gentleman, in the first troop of foot-guards, at that time under the command of the Duke of Monmouth. He had pawned his trooper's cloak, and to save appearances at a review, had borrowed his landlady's red petticoat, which he carried rolled up *en croupe* behind him. The Duke of Monmouth smoked it, and willing to enjoy the confusion of a detection, gave order to *cloak all*, with which Ogle, after some hesitation, was obliged to comply. Although he could not *cloak*, he said he would *petticoat* with the best of them."—Vol. iii. p. 124.

to be obliged by those who endeavor to oblige me; and therefore, in requital for his kindness, and to set the conversation a-going, I took the best occasion I could to put him upon telling us the story of old Gantlett, which he always does with very particular concern. He traced up his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his several battles, and particularly the one in which he fell. This Gantlett was a game-cock, upon whose head the knight, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds and lost two thousand. This naturally set the Major upon the account of Edge-hill fight, and ended in a duel of Jack Ogle's.

Old Reptile was extremely attentive to all that was said, though it was the same he had heard every night for these twenty years, and upon all occasions winked upon his nephew to mind what passed.

This may suffice to give the world a taste of our innocent conversation, which we spun out till about ten of the clock, when my maid came with a lantern to light me home. I could not but reflect with myself, as I was going out, upon the talkative humor of old men, and the little figure which that part of life makes in one who cannot employ his natural propensity in discourses which would make him venerable. I must own it makes me very melancholy in company when I hear a young man begin a story; and have often observed, that one of a quarter of an hour long in a man of five-and-twenty, gathers circumstances every time he tells it, until it grows into a long Canterbury tale of two hours by the time he is threescore.

The only way of avoiding such a trifling and frivolous old age, is to lay up in our way to it such stores of knowledge and observation as make us useful and agreeable in our declining years. The mind of man in a long life will become a

magazine of wisdom or folly, and will consequently discharge itself in something impertinent or improving. For which reason, as there is nothing more ridiculous than an old trifling story-teller, so there is nothing more venerable than one who has turned his experience to the entertainment and advantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are in the last stage of life, and are apt to indulge ourselves in talk, ought to consider if what we speak be worth being heard, and endeavor to make our discourse like that of Nestor, which Homer compares to the flowing of honey for its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall be thought guilty of this excess I am speaking of, when I cannot conclude without observing, that Milton certainly thought of this passage in Homer, when, in his description of an eloquent spirit, he says—

“His tongue dropped manna.”*

* We cannot miss the opportunity of adding to this account of the members of the Trumpet Club, that of another associate, whose character is drawn by Steele in a previous number, and is one of the finest that ever proceeded from his pen. It shows his contempt of that absurdst of all the passions of mortality—Pride. The reader will take notice of the exquisite expression “insolent benevolence;” and the “very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious.”

“The most remarkable (he says) of the persons whose disturbance arises from Pride, and whom I shall use all possible diligence to cure, are such as are hidden in the appearance of quite contrary habits and dispositions. Among such, I shall in the first place take care of one who is under the most subtle species of pride that I have observed in my whole experience.

“This patient is a person for whom I have great respect, as being an old courtier and a friend of mine in my youth. The man has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the Trumpet; but, by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men and persons in power, he is always promising to do good

GOLDSMITH'S CLUBS.

FROM THE ESSAYS.

THE first club I entered upon coming to town was that of the Choice Spirits. The name was entirely suited to my taste ; I was a lover of mirth, good-humor, and even sometimes of fun, from my childhood.

As no other passport was requisite but the payment of two shillings at the door, I introduced myself without farther ceremony to the members, who were already assembled, and had for some time begun upon business. The grand, with a mallet in his hand, presided at the head of the table. I could not avoid, upon my entrance, making use of all my skill in physiognomy, in order to discover that superiority of genius in men who had taken a title so superior to the rest of mankind. I expected to see the lines of every face marked with strong thinking ; but, though I had some skill in this science, I could for my life discover nothing but a pert simper, fat or profound stupidity.

My speculations were soon interrupted by the grand, who offices, to introduce every man he converses with into the world ; will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, and hints to him that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection ; but, however, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with. This he practises with a grave tone and air ; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annum, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face, and tell me ' he should always be ready to encourage me.' In a word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious. The best return I can make him for his favors is to carry him myself to Bedlam, and see him well taken care of."—*Tatler*, No. 127.

had knocked down Mr. Spriggins for a song. I was upon this whispered by one of the company who sat next me, that I should now see something touched off to a nicety, for Mr. Spriggins was going to give us Mad Tom in all its glory. Mr. Spriggins endeavored to excuse himself; for, as he was to act a madman and a king, it was impossible to go through the part properly without a crown and chains. His excuses were over-ruled by a great majority, and with much vociferation. The president ordered up the jack-chain; and, instead of a crown, our performer covered his brows with an inverted jordan. After he had rattled his chain and shook his head, to the great delight of the whole company, he began his song. As I have heard few young fellows offer to sing in company that did not expose themselves, it was no great disappointment to me to find Mr. Spriggins among the number: however, not to seem an odd fish, I rose from my seat in rapture, cried out, "Bravo! encore!" and slapped the table as loud as any of the rest.

The gentleman who sat next me seemed highly pleased with my taste, and the ardor of my approbation; and, whispering, told me I had suffered an immense loss, for, had I come a few minutes sooner, I might have heard "Geeho Dobbin" sung in a tip-top manner, by the pimple-nosed spirit at the president's right elbow; but he was evaporated before I came.

As I was expressing my uneasiness at this disappointment, I found the attention of the company employed upon a fat figure, who, with a voice more rough than the Staffordshire giant's, was giving us the "Softly sweet, in Lydian measure," of Alexander's Feast. After a short pause of admiration, to this succeeded a Welsh dialogue, with the humors of Teague and Taffy; after that came on Old Jackson, with a story between every stanza; next was sung the Duat-

Cart, and then Solomon's Song. The glass began now to circulate pretty freely; those who were silent when sober would now be heard in their turn; every man had his song, and he saw no reason why he should not be heard as well as any of the rest; one begged to be heard while he gave *Death and the Lady* in high taste; another sung to a plate which he kept trundling on the edges; nothing was now heard but singing; voice rose above voice, and the whole became one universal shout, when the landlord came to acquaint the company that the reckoning was drunk out. Rabelais calls the moments in which a reckoning is mentioned, the most melancholy of our lives; never was so much noise so quickly quelled, as by this short but pathetic oration of our landlord. "Drunk out!" was echoed in a tone of discontent round the table; "drunk out already! that was very odd! that so much punch could be drunk out already! impossible!" The landlord, however, seeming resolved not to retreat from his first assurances, the company was dissolved, and a president chosen for the night ensuing.

A friend of mine, to whom I was complaining some time after of the entertainment I have been describing, proposed to bring me to the club that he frequented, which he fancied would suit the gravity of my temper exactly. "We have, at the Muzzy Club," says he, "no riotous mirth, nor awkward ribaldry, no confusion or bawling, all is conducted with wisdom and decency; besides, some of our members are worth forty thousand pounds, men of prudence and foresight every one of them; these are the proper acquaintance, and to such I will to-night introduce you." I was charmed at the proposal. To be acquainted with men worth forty thousand pounds, and to talk wisdom the whole night, were offers that threw me into rapture.

At seven o'clock I was accordingly introduced by my

friend; not indeed to the company, for, though I made my best bow, they seemed insensible of my approach; but to the table at which they were sitting. Upon my entering the room, I could not avoid feeling a secret veneration, from the solemnity of the scene before me; the members kept a profound silence, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pewter pot in his hand, and with faces that might easily be construed into absolute wisdom. Happy society! thought I to myself, where the members think before they speak, deliver nothing rashly, but convey their thoughts to each other, pregnant with meaning, and matured by reflection.

In this pleasing speculation I continued a full half-hour, expecting each moment that somebody would begin to open his mouth. Every time the pipe was laid down, I expected it was to speak; but it was only to spit. At length, resolving to break the charm myself, and overcome their extreme diffidence, for to this I imputed their silence, I rubbed my hands, and, looking as wise as possible, observed that the nights began to grow a little coolish at this time of the year. This, as it was directed to no one of the company in particular, none thought himself obliged to answer; wherefore I continued still to rub my hands and look wise. My next effort was addressed to a gentleman who sat next me; to whom I observed that the beer was extremely good; my neighbor made no reply, but by a large puff of tobacco-smoke.

I now began to be uneasy in this dumb society, till one of them a little relieved me by observing, that bread had not risen these three weeks. "Ah!" says another, still keeping the pipe in his mouth, "that puts me in mind of a pleasant story about that—hem—very well; you must know—but, before I begin—sir, my service to you—where was I?"

My next club goes by the name of the Harmonical So-

ciety ; probably from that love of order and friendship which every person commends in institutions of this nature. The landlord was himself founder. The money spent is fourpence each, and they sometimes whip for a double reckoning. To this club few recommendations are requisite except the introductory fourpence and my landlord's good word, which as he gains by it, he never refuses.

We all here talked and behaved as everybody else usually does on his club-night. We discussed the topic of the day, drank each other's healths, snuffed the candles with our fingers, and filled our pipes from the same plate of tobacco. The company saluted each other in the common manner. Mr. Bellows-mender hoped Mr. Curry-comb-maker had not caught cold going home the last club-night ; and he returned the compliment by hoping, that young Master Bellows-mender had got well again of the chincough. Dr. Twist told us a story of a parliament-man, with whom he was intimately acquainted ; while the bagman, at the same time, was telling a better story of a noble lord, with whom he could do anything. A gentleman in a black wig and leather breeches, at the other end of the table was engaged in a long narrative of the ghost in Cock Lane ;* he had read it in the papers of the day, and was telling it to some that sat next him who could not read. Near him, Mr. Dibbins was disputing on the old subject of religion with a Jew pedler over the table ; while the president vainly knocked down Mr. Leathersides for a song. Besides the combination of these voices, which I could hear altogether, and which formed an upper part to the concert, there were several others playing under-parts by

* An impudent imposture of that day, in which it was pretended that a ghost scratched at a bed. Johnson was weak enough to be one of its grave investigators, and Churchill's *Ghost* was written in derision of it.

themselves, and endeavoring to fasten on some luckless neighbor's ear, who was himself bent upon the same design against some other.

We have often heard of the speech of a corporation, and this induced me to transcribe a speech of this club, taken in short-hand, word for word, as it was spoken by every member of the company. It may be necessary to observe, that the man who told us of the ghost had the loudest voice, and the longest story to tell; so that his continuing narrative filled every chasm in the conversation.

"So, sir, d'ye perceive me, the ghost giving three loud raps at the bed-post"—"Says my lord to me, my dear Smoke-um, you know there is no man on the face of the yearth for whom I have so high"—"A false heretical opinion of all sound doctrine and good learning; for I'll tell it aloud and spare not, that"—"Silence for a song; Mr. Leathersides for a song"—"As I was walking upon the highway, I met a young damsel"—"Then what brings you here?" said the parson to the ghost—"Sanconiathon, Manetho, and Berosus"—"The whole way from Islington turnpike to Dog-house bar"—"As for Abel Drugger, sir, he's low in it; my 'prentice boy has more of the gentleman than he"—"For murder will out one time or another; and none but a ghost, you know, gentlemen, can"—"For my friend, whom you know, gentlemen, and who is a parliament-man, a man of consequence, a dear honest creature; to be sure; we were laughing last night at"—"Upon all his posterity, by simply, barely tasting"—"Sour grapes, as the fox said once when he could not reach them; and I'll, I'll tell you a story about that, that will make you burst your sides with laughing. A fox once"—"Will nobody listen to the song?"—"As I was walking upon

* A compliment to Goldsmith's friend, Garrick, in the part of *Abel Drugger*, which was a very low one.

the highway, I met a young damsel both buxom and gay"—
"No ghost, gentlemen, can be murdered; nor did I ever
hear of but one ghost killed in all my life, and that was
——" "Soul if I don't"—"Mr. Bellows-mender, I have the
honor of drinking your very good health"—"Fire"—
"Whizz"—"Blid"—"Tit"—"Rat"—"Trip"—the rest all
riot, nonsense, and rapid confusion.

Were I to be angry at men for being fools (concludes
Goldsmith, with touching pleasantry), I could here find
ample room for declamation; but, alas! I have been a fool
myself, and why should I be angry with them for being some-
thing so natural to every child of humanity?

Count Fathom's Adventure in the Foxe Cottage.

BY SMOLLETT.

THE *Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* is one of those rare works of genius, in a very unusual sense of the epithet, which a reader of a well-constituted mind is at a loss whether to admire or to dislike. It is a history of such elaborate and unmitigated rascality, that one is surprised how the author's imagination could have consented to keep such a scoundrel company for so long a period. But there is one scene in it, which by universal consent is a masterpiece of interest; a mixture of the terrible and the probable that has often since been emulated, but never surpassed. It is to real life what the fragment of *Sir Bertrand* is to the ideal; and the writing is as fine as the conception. Smollett takes a delight in showing that the powers of his pen are equal to the most formidable occasions. He rejoices in "piling up an agony," especially on a victim not so courageous as himself; and by a principle of extremes meeting, a mischievous sarcasm, and strokes of humor itself, contribute to aggravate and envenom the impression of terror.

FATHOM departed from the village that same afternoon under the auspices of his conductor, and found himself benighted in the midst of a forest, far from the habitations of men. The darkness of the night, the silence and solitude of the place, the indistinct images of the trees that appeared

on every side stretching their extravagant arms athwart the gloom, conspired with the dejection of spirits occasioned by his loss to disturb his fancy, and raise strange phantoms in his imagination. Although he was not naturally superstitious, his mind began to be invaded with an awful horror, that gradually prevailed over all the consolations of reason and philosophy ; nor was his heart free from the terrors of assassination. In order to dissipate these disagreeable reveries, he had recourse to the conversation of his guide, by whom he was entertained with the history of divers travellers who had been robbed and murdered by ruffians, whose retreat was in the recesses of that very wood.

In the midst of this communication, which did not at all tend to the elevation of our hero's spirits, the conductor made an excuse for dropping behind, while our traveller jogged on in expectation of being joined again by him in a few minutes ; he was, however, disappointed in that hope ; the sound of the horse's feet by degrees grew more and more faint, and at last altogether died away. Alarmed at this circumstance, Fathom halted in the road, and listened with the most fearful attention ; but his sense of hearing was saluted with naught but the dismal sighings of the trees, that seemed to foretell an approaching storm. Accordingly, the heavens contracted a more dreary aspect, the lightning began to gleam, the thunder to roll, and the tempest, raising its voice to a tremendous roar, descended in a torrent of rain.

In this emergency, the fortitude of our hero was almost quite overcome. So many concurring circumstances of danger and distress might have appalled the most undaunted breast ; what impression then must they have made upon the mind of Ferdinand, who was by no means a man to set fear at defiance ? Indeed he had well nigh lost the use of his re-

flection, and was actually invaded to the skin, before he could recollect himself so far as to quit the road, and seek for shelter among the thickets that surrounded him. Having rode some furlongs into the forest, he took his station under a tuft of tall trees, that screened him from the storm, and in that situation called a council with himself, to deliberate upon his next excursion. He persuaded himself that his guide had deserted him for the present, in order to give intelligence of a traveller to some gang of robbers with whom he was connected; and that he must of necessity fall a prey to those banditti, unless he should have the good fortune to elude their search, and disentangle himself from the mazes of the wood.

Harrowed with these apprehensions, he resolved to commit himself to the mercy of the hurricane, as of two evils the least, and penetrate straight forwards through some devious opening, until he should be delivered from the forest. For this purpose he turned his horse's head in a line quite contrary to the direction of the high road which he had left, on supposition that the robbers would pursue that tract in quest of him, and that they would never dream of his deserting the highway to traverse an unknown forest amidst the darkness of such a boisterous night. After he had continued in this progress through a succession of groves, and bogs, and thorns, and brakes, by which not only his clothes, but also his skin suffered in a grievous manner, while every nerve quivered with eagerness and dismay, he at length reached an open plain, and pursuing his course, in full hope of arriving at some village where his life would be safe, he descried a rushlight, at a distance, which he looked upon as the star of his good fortune; and riding towards it at full speed, arrived at the door of a lone cottage, into which he was admitted by an old woman, who, understanding he was a bewildered traveller, received him with great hospitality.

When he learned from his hostess that there was not another house within three leagues, and that she could accommodate him with a tolerable bed, and his horse with lodging and oats, he thanked Heaven for his good fortune in stumbling upon this humble habitation, and determined to pass the night under the protection of the old cottager, who gave him to understand, that her husband, who was a fagot-maker, had gone to the next town to dispose of his merchandise, and that in all probability he would not return till the next morning, on account of the tempestuous night. Ferdinand sounded the beldame with a thousand artful interrogations, and she answered with such an appearance of truth and simplicity, that he concluded his person was quite secure; and, after having been regaled with a dish of eggs and bacon, desired she would conduct him into the chamber where she proposed he should take his repose. He was accordingly ushered up by a sort of ladder into an apartment furnished with a standing bed, and almost half filled with trusses of straw. He seemed extremely well pleased with his lodging, which in reality exceeded his expectations; and his kind landlady, cautioning him against letting the candle approach the combustibles, took her leave, and locked the door on the outside.

Fathom, whose own principles taught him to be suspicious, and ever upon his guard against the treachery of his fellow-creatures, could have dispensed with this instance of her care in confining her guest to her chamber; and began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bolt on the inside of the door, by which he might secure himself from intrusion. In consequence of these suggestions, he proposed to take an accurate survey of every object in the apartment, and, in the course of his inquiry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man, still warm, who had

been lately stabbed, and concealed beneath several bundles of straw.

Such a discovery could not fail to fill the breast of our hero with unspeakable horror; for he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning, without the interposition of a miracle in his favor. In the first transports of his dread he ran to the window, with a view to escape by that outlet, and found his flight effectually obstructed by divers strong bars of iron. Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to totter: his thoughts teemed with presages of death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him; and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation that produced an energy akin to that which is inspired by brandy or other strong liquors; and, by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he was immediately hurried into measures for his own preservation.

What upon a less interesting occasion his imagination durst not propose, he now executed without scruple or remorse. He undressed the corpse that lay bleeding among the straw, and conveying it to the bed in his arms, deposited it in the attitude of a person who sleeps at his ease; then he extinguished the light, took possession of the place from whence the body had been removed, and, holding a pistol ready cocked in each hand, waited for the sequel with that determined purpose which is often the immediate production of despair. About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder; the door was softly opened; he saw the shadow of two men stalking towards the bed; a dark lantern being unshrouded, directed their aim to the supposed sleeper; and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart. The force of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of

groan issued from the windpipe of the defunct; the stroke was repeated without producing a repetition of the note, so that the assassins concluded the work was effectually done, and retired for the present, with a design to return and rifle the deceased at their leisure.

Never had our hero spent a moment in such agony as he felt during this operation. The whole surface of his body was covered with a cold sweat, and his nerves were relaxed with an universal palsy. In short, he remained in a trance, that in all probability contributed to his safety; for had he retained the use of his senses, he might have been discovered by the transports of his fear. The first use he made of his retrieved recollection, was to perceive that the assassins had left the door open in their retreat; and he would have instantly availed himself of this their neglect, by sallying out upon them at the hazard of his life, had not he been restrained by a conversation he overheard in the room below, importing that the ruffians were going to set out upon another expedition, in hopes of finding more prey. They accordingly departed, after having laid strong injunctions on the old woman to keep the door fast locked during their absence; and Ferdinand took his resolution without further delay. So soon as, by his conjecture, the robbers were at a sufficient distance from the house, he rose from his lurking-place, moved softly towards the bed, and rummaging the pockets of the deceased, found a purse well stored with ducats, of which, together with a silver watch and a diamond ring, he immediately possessed himself without scruple; and then, descending with great care and circumspection into the lower apartment, stood before the old beldame, before she had the least intimation of his approach.

Accustomed as she was to the trade of blood, the hoary hag did not behold this apparition without giving signs of

infinite terror and astonishment. Believing it was no other than the spirit of her second guest, who had been murdered, she fell upon her knees, and began to recommend herself to the protection of the saints, crossing herself with as much devotion as if she had been entitled to the particular care and attention of Heaven. Nor did her anxiety abate when she was undeceived in this her supposition, and understood it was no phantom, but the real substance of the stranger; who, without staying to upbraid her with the enormity of her crimes, commanded her, on pain of immediate death, to produce his horse; to which being conducted, he set her on the saddle without delay, and mounting behind, invested her with the management of the reins, swearing, in a most peremptory tone, that the only chance for her life was in directing him to the next town; and that as soon as she should give him the least cause to doubt her fidelity in the performance of that task, he would on the instant act the part of her executioner.

This declaration had its effect on the withered Hecate, who, with many supplications for mercy and forgiveness, promised to guide him in safety to a certain village at the distance of two leagues, where he might lodge in security, and be provided with a fresh horse, or other conveniences for pursuing his route. On these conditions he told her she might deserve his clemency; and they accordingly took their departure together, she being placed astride upon the saddle, holding the bridle in one hand, and a switch in the other, and our adventurer sitting on the crupper, superintending her conduct, and keeping the muzzle of a pistol close at her ear. In this equipage they travelled across part of the same wood in which his guide had forsaken him: and it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in the most agreeable reverie, while he found himself involved in the labyrinth of

those shades, which he considered as the haunts of robbery and assassination.

Common fear was a comfortable sensation to what he felt in this excursion. The first steps he had taken for his preservation were the effect of mere instinct, while his faculties were extinguished or suppressed by despair; but now, as his reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets was swelled into the hoarse menaces of murder; the shaking of the boughs was construed into the brandishing of poniards; and every shadow of a tree became the apparition of a ruffian eager for blood. In short, at each of these occurrences he felt what was infinitely more tormenting than the stab of a real dagger; and at every fresh fillip of his fear, he acted as a remembrancer to his conductress in a new volley of imprecations, importing, that her life was absolutely connected with his opinion of his own safety.

Human nature could not long subsist under such complicated terror; but at last he found himself clear of the forest, and was blessed with a distant view of an inhabited place. He then began to exercise his thoughts on a new subject. He debated with himself whether he should make a parade of his intrepidity and public spirit, by disclosing his achievement, and surrendering his guide to the penalty of the law, or leave the old hag and her accomplice to the remorse of their own consciences, and proceed quietly on his journey to Paris, in undisturbed possession of the prize he had already obtained. This last step he determined to take upon recollecting, that, in the course of his information, the story of the murdered stranger would infallibly attract the attention of justice, and, in that case, the effects he had borrowed from the defunct must be refunded for the benefit of those who had a right to the succession. This was an argument which

our adventurer could not resist : he foresaw that he should be stripped of his acquisition, which he looked upon as the fair fruits of his valor and sagacity ; and moreover, be detained as an evidence against the robbers, to the manifest detriment of his affairs. Perhaps, too, he had motives of conscience that dissuaded him from bearing witness against a set of people whose principles did not much differ from his own.

Influenced by such considerations, he yielded to the first importunity of the beldame, whom he dismissed at a very small distance from the village, after he had earnestly exhorted her to quit such an atrocious course of life, and atone for her past crimes by sacrificing her associates to the demands of justice. She did not fail to vow a perfect reformation, and to prostrate herself before him for the favor she had found ; then she betook herself to her habitation, with the full purpose of advising her fellow-murderers to repair with all despatch to the village and impeach our hero ; who, wisely distrusting her professions, stayed no longer in the place than to hire a guide for the next stage, which brought him to the city of Chalons-Sur-Marne.

The Hermit.

BY PARNELL.

WE know not how it is with others, but we never think of *Parnell's Hermit* without tranquillizing and grateful feelings. Parnell was a true poet of a minor order; he saw nature for himself, though he wrote a book style; and this, and one or two other poems of his, such as the eclogue on *Health*, and the *Fairy Tale*, have inclined us to believe that there is something in the very name of "Parnell" peculiarly gentle and agreeable. Hermits themselves, in poetry, are almost always interesting and soothing people. We see nothing but their brooks, their solitude, and their resignation, their hermitage and their crust; and long to be like them, and play at loneliness.

"And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

So, who does not love Goldsmith's *Edwin and Angelina*, and the gentle line with which it sets out?—

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale."

Drayton tears himself away with reluctance from a long list of herbs,

which he describes a hermit gathering, in his *Polyolbion*. The following are some of the verses. "The Hermit," he says,

—————"leads a sweet retired life.
Suppose, 'twixt noon and night, (the sun his half-way wrought)
The shadows to be large, by his descending brought,
Who with a fervent eye looks through the twyring* glades,
And his dispersèd rays commixeth with the shades,
Exhaling the milcht dew, which there had tarried long,
And on the ranker grass till past the noon-stead hung;"

"'Tis then," he says,

—————"the hermit comes out of his homely cell,
Where from all rude resort, he happily doth dwell;
And in a little maund† (being made of osiers small),
Which serveth him to do full many a thing withal,
He very choicely sorts his simples, got abroad.
Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging polypode‡
And in some open place that to the sun doth lie,
He fumitory gets, and eyebright for the eye;
And from the falling-ill by five-leaf§ doth restore,
And melancholy cures by sovereign hellebore."

But Parnell's hermit is not only a proper hermit, with a "cave" for his "cell,"

"His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;"

he is a questioning philosopher. Resigned as he is to Providence, he is not without doubts as to its attributes, occasioned by the sufferings of virtue and the seeming triumphs of vice; and an angel is sent to restore peace to his mind. The way in which this is done, though it does not go into the permission of evil in the abstract (one of the secrets of good, which Heaven seems to keep in reserve for us, in order to enhance the joys of retrospection), furnishes, nevertheless, a far better and more Christian answer, than the assumptions of many a graver authority. It is not Parnell's own. The story is as old, at least, as the Koran, probably a great deal older; and has most likely

* Turning and winding.

† Soft. Perhaps in pastoral analogy with *milk*.

‡ Basket.

§ *Polypodium* (Many-foot), a *genus* of fern.

| Cinque-foil—*Potentilla* (from its medical powers)—a flower of the order *Rosaceæ*.

been told in the languages of all civilized countries. But Parnell's is the most pleasing version of it we know. The undertone of thought and wonder, on the hermit's part, is well preserved ; the touches of scenery evince the author's taste for nature ; and even the sweet monotony of the versification (so like Pope's, that he has been invidiously said to have had a hand in it), is not unsuitable to the eremetical ground-work of the subject and the lesson of resignation.

Parnell was a gentle clergyman, who, with all his inculcations of patience and retirement, found it difficult to reconcile himself to a desolate spot in Ireland, and impossible (it is said) to bear the loss of his wife. We often preach what we cannot practise, not out of hypocrisy, but from opposing frailties and unavailing desire. Parnell admired his hermit the more, because he could not settle down to his solitude and his bin of water. There is a touching passage about him in one of the letters of Swift. Bolingbroke's second wife was like the one that Parnell had lost. The poor poet saw her, for the first time, on a visit at Bolingbroke's house ; and when she came into the room, Swift says, he could not take his eyes off her, and seemed very melancholy.

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
 From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;
 Remote from men, with God he pass'd his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose ;
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway ;
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
 So when a smooth expanse receives, imprest
 Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,

Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew,)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then, near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
And "Hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words followed words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm, in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose,
When near the road a stately palace rose;

There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home ;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive ; the liveried servants wait,
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate ;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play :
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call,
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe :
His cup was vanished ; for, in secret guise,
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part ;

Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair:
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,*
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;

* The word *eager* is here used in its old sense of "sour"—*aigre*; and if we interpret "wine" accordingly, "eager wine" should be vinegar—*vin-aigre*.

And why should such within himself, he cried,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
The cup the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of his churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day ;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here ;
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie ;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet ;
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;

From him you come, from him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
They talk of virtue till the time of bed ;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd its neck ; the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done ;
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies ; but, trembling, fails to fly with speed ;
His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads ; a servant show'd the way ;
A river cross'd the path, the passage o'er
Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;
Long arms of oak an oaken bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide ;
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide and thrust him in ;
Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflame the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
" Detested wretch !"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man ;

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display ;
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

" Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky ;
Nay, cease to kneel, thy fellow-servant I.

" Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

" The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high ;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

" What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?

Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

“ The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.”

“ The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

“ Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God ;
Child of his age, for him he liv'd in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all, but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow :
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns, in tears, the punishment was just.

“ But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back :
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view ;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done :
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

Peter Pounce's Dialogue with Parson Adams.

FROM FIELDING'S "JOSEPH ANDREWS."

THERE was once in great vogue a book called *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*, the object of which was to show how a servant-maid might be very virtuous, in the heavenly sense of the word, and very prosperous, in the worldly ; a combination which, in the author's opinion, was effected by making her resist all the efforts of a vicious master to ruin her, and then accept his hand in marriage when he found he could obtain her in no other way. Society is so much advanced in reflection since the writing of that book, that a moral so bad would now meet with contempt from critics of all classes, even though recommended by as rare and affecting a genius as his who taught it, and who was no less a person than Samuel Richardson, author of *Clarissa Harlowe*. With much that is admirable and noble, there is a great deal of false morality even in *Clarissa* ; a dangerous exaltation of the formal, and literal, and self-worshipping, above the heartier dictates of prudence itself. But the moral in *Pamela* (with leave of a great name, be it said), was a pure vulgar mistake. The master was a scoundrel to whom an honest girl ought not to have been given in marriage at all ; and the heroine was a *prig* and a schemer, with no real respect for the virtues she professed, otherwise she would not have jumped at the first "honorable" offer from one who had done all he could to destroy her.

The healthier genius of Fielding saw the folly of these ethics ; and, seasoning his wish to counteract them with a spice of no ill-natured malice against the author (who was in the habit of making another

vulgar mistake, and applying that epithet to all who wrote of humble life not in his own manner, particularly Fielding himself), produced the exquisite novel of *Joseph Andrews*. In this, not his greatest, but in our opinion most delightful work, he has contrived, with a most unexpected, successful, and (to Richardson, we fear) most provoking admission of the value of his moral when put into right action, to make Joseph Andrews Pamela's own brother, both in blood and virtue; to maintain his manly character nevertheless, in spite of conventional jests and prejudices; and, at the same time, to show how little of her pretended purity and humility was in the sister, who in admirable keeping with the spirit of her matrimonial virtue, objects to her brother's marrying a girl in her own former condition of society, because it was lowering the family which her "dear Mr. B." had "raised." As a pleasant instance of Fielding's quickness and vivacity in small matters as well as great, this "Mr. B." of Richardson (for his name never appears in that author except as an initial) is assumed by Fielding to have been a Mr. "Booby." Mr. Booby's fine town-lady aunt, Lady B., thus becomes Lady Booby. She and her nephew enable us to see, that people of no real heart and goodness, whatever be their rank, riches, or gaiety, may deserve the appellation of fool, as well as humbler or more solemn pretenders; and this is one of the many instances, we think, in which an exception should be made in favor of those characteristic names of persons in works of fiction, to which critics make wholesale objection. Names of the kind often occur in real life, sometimes with ludicrous propriety; and if similar ones could be taken away from the novels in which we have been used to them, people would reasonably miss the *Boobies* palmed upon Richardson, the *Pickles* and *Bowlings* of Smollett, the *Snakes* and *Sir Anthony Absolutes* of Sheridan, and the *Marplots* and *Aimwells* of Centlivre and Farquhar. We confess we should be loth to lose even the *Dryasdusts* of Sir Walter, excessive as they may appear. Fortune herself, (not to say Nature) seems to take pleasure in these whims of cognomination. Who has not met with stout gentlemen of the name of Onslow and Heaviside; lively Miss Quicks, and languishing Mrs. Sweets?

Joseph Andrews is a footman who marries a maid-servant. They are excellent persons, and have a delicious friend in Mr. Abraham Adams, a country curate, who prefers his *Æschylus* to everything but his duty. He is one of the simplest but at the same time manliest

of men ; is anxious to read a man of the world his sermon on "vanity ;" preaches patience under affliction, and is ready to lose his senses on the death of his little boy ; in short, has "every virtue under heaven," except that of superiority to the common failings of humanity, or of being able to resist knocking a rascal down when he insults the innocent. He is very poor ; and, agreeably to the notions of refinement in those days, is treated by the rich as if he were little better than a servant himself. Even their stewards think it a condescension to treat him on equal terms. In the following scene, which is one of the most exquisite in all novel-writing, the reader experiences a delightful triumph in seeing how a vulgar upstart of this class is led to betray his baseness while he thinks he is most exalting himself—Adams, on the other hand, rising and becoming glorious out of the depths of his humble honesty. The picture gives you such a vivid idea of the two men, that not having read it for some years, we had fancied, in the interval, that when Pounce throws the curate's hat after him out of the window, Fielding had represented Adams as clapping it triumphantly on his head, and snapping his fingers at him. But this is the way with fine writers. In suggesting more than they say, they write more than they do.

PETER POUNCE, being desirous of having some one to whom he might communicate his grandeur, told the parson he would convey him home in his chariot. This favor was, by Adams, with many bows and acknowledgments, accepted, though he afterwards said he ascended the chariot rather that he might not offend, than from any desire of riding in it, for that in his heart he preferred the pedestrian even to the vehicular expedition.

The chariot had not proceeded far before Mr Adams observed it was a very fine day.

"Aye, and a very fine country, too," answered Pounce.

"I should think so more," returned Adams, "if I had not lately travelled over the Downs, which I take to exceed this, and all other prospects in the universe."

"A fig for prospects," answered Pounce; "one acre here is worth ten there; for my part, I have no delight in the prospect of any land but my own."

"Sir," said Adams, "you can indulge yourself in many fine prospects of that kind."

"I thank God I have a little," replied the other, "with which I am content, and envy no man. I have a little, Mr. Adams, with which I do as much good as I can."

Adams answered, "That riches, without charity, were nothing worth; for that they were a blessing only to him who made them a blessing to others."

"You and I," said Peter, "have different notions of charity. I own, as it is generally used, I do not like the word, nor do I think it becomes one of us gentlemen; it is a mean, parson-like quality; though I would not infer that many parsons have it neither."

"Sir," said Adams, "my definition of charity is a generous disposition to relieve the distressed."

"There is something in that definition," answered Peter, "which I like well enough; it is, as you say, a disposition—and does not so much consist in the act as in the disposition to do it; but, alas! Mr. Adams, who are meant by the distressed? believe me, the distresses of mankind are mostly imaginary, and it would be rather folly than goodness to relieve them."

"Sure, sir," replied Adams, "hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, and other distresses which attend the poor, can never be said to be imaginary evils."

"How can any man complain of hunger," said Pounce, "in a country where such excellent salads are to be gathered almost in every field?—or of thirst, where every stream and river produce such delicious potations?—and as for cold and nakedness, they are evils introduced by luxury and custom."

A man naturally wants clothes no more than a horse or any other animal ; and there are whole nations who go without them. But these are things, perhaps, which you, who do not know the world ——”

“ You will pardon me, sir,” returned Adams ; “ I have read of the *Gymnosophists*.”

“ A plague of your Jehosaphats,” cried Peter ; “ the greatest fault in our constitution is the provision made for the poor, except that perhaps made for some others. Sir, I have not an estate which doth not contribute almost as much again to the poor as to the land-tax ; and I do assure you I expect myself to come to the parish in the end.”

To which Adams giving a dissenting smile, Peter thus proceeded :—“ I fancy, Mr. Adams, you are one of those who imagine I am a lump of money ; for there are many who I fancy believe that not only my pockets, but my whole clothes, are lined with bank bills ; but, I assure you, you are all mistaken ; I am not the man the world esteems me. If I can hold my head above water, it is all I can. I have injured myself by purchasing ; I have been too liberal of my money. Indeed I fear my heir will find my affairs in a worse situation than they are reputed to be. Ah ! he will have reason to wish I had loved money more and land less. Pray, my good neighbor, where should I have that quantity of money the world is so liberal to bestow on me ? Where could I possibly, without I had stole it, acquire such a treasure ?”

“ Why truly,” said Adams, “ I have been always of your opinion ; I have wondered, as well as yourself, with what confidence they could report such things of you, which have to me appeared as mere impossibilities ; for you know, sir, and I have often heard you say it, that your wealth is of your own acquisition ; and can it be credible that in your short time you should have amassed such a heap of treasure as these

people will have you are worth? Indeed, had you inherited an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, which had descended in your family through many generations, they might have had a color for their assertions."

"Why, what do they say I am worth?" cries Peter, with a malicious sneer.

"Sir," answered Adams, "I have heard some aver you are not worth less than twenty thousand pounds." At which Peter frowned.

"Nay, sir," said Adams, "you ask me only the opinion of others; for my own part, I have always denied it, nor did I ever believe you could possibly be worth half that sum."

"However, Mr. Adams," said he, squeezing him by the hand, "I would not sell them all I am worth for double that sum; and as to what you believe, or they believe, I care not a fig. I am not poor, because you think me so, nor because you attempt to undervalue me in the country. I know the envy of mankind very well; but I thank heaven I am above them. It is true, my wealth is of my own acquisition. I have not an estate like Sir Thomas Booby, that hath descended in my family through many generations; but I know heirs of such estates, who are forced to travel about the country, like some people in torn cassocks, and might be glad to accept of a pitiful curacy, for what I know; yes, sir, as shabby fellows as yourself, whom no man of my figure, without that vice of good-nature about him, would suffer to ride in a chariot with him."

"Sir," said Adams, "I value not your chariot of a rush; and if I had known you had intended to affront me, I would have walked to the world's end on foot, ere I would have accepted a place in it. However, sir, I will soon rid you of that inconvenience!" And so saying, he opened the chariot

door, without calling to the coachman, and leaped out into the highway, forgetting to take his hat along with him; which, however, Mr. Pounce threw after him with great violence.

Poems written at an Inn at Henley.

BY SHENSTONE.

"SHALL I not take," said Falstaff, with an exquisite duplication of the personal pronoun, "*mine* EASE at *mine* INN?"

The question might induce us to fancy, that he had another abode; that it was as much as to say, "Must I go and encounter my difficulty at my lodgings?" But he meant it as an appeal to the expectations of everybody. Everybody, the moment he entered an inn, looked to being thoroughly at his ease; to possess comfort and security as surely as he did the things he paid for.

And this is the feeling we all have of an inn. It is not comparable with home, on the very gravest or the very gayest occasions; much less as a place to reside in; but as a place to visit, there is nothing like it. It is like being abroad and at home at the same time; abroad, in respect to the novelty; and at home, as regards doing what we please. We are not sufficiently used to it, to feel a thankless indifference; neither do we entertain such affection for it, as converts interest into anxiety.—But we do it injustice in writing sentences about it. There is nothing sententious at an inn (except on the window-panes); it is only free and easy. If you are wise, it is with mirth: if you run the whole round of philosophy with some "learned Theban" of a friend, it is after dinner, when the blood is running the finer round of cheerfulness, to which you feel that the other round is only subordinate. The top things throughout are the dinner, and the inn, and the reciprocity; and you only wish that all the world were as happy as yourselves, wondering that they are not so, and that everybody does

not do as he pleases upon the strength of the "Rose and Crown" and universal benevolence.

By an inn, however, we do not mean any inn; no, not even with companions who can make us forget everything else; for on their account also we desire an inn perfect of its kind; and this, we take it, is an old inn that has been a country-house, with at least a bit of the old garden to it, parterres of flowers, lavender, &c., and good sized old-fashioned rooms, with smaller ones in corners, to choose according as you are few or many, or wish to be roomy or snug. Hazlitt, who loved to escape from his irritabilities into an inn, has noticed such a one in a charming passage. He is speaking of the delight of reading favorite authors.

"The last time," he says, "I tasted this luxury in its full perfection, was one day after a sultry day's walk between Farnham and Alton. I was fairly tired out; I walked into an inn-yard (I think at the latter place); I was shown by the waiter to what looked at first like common out-houses at the other end of it, but they turned out to be a suite of rooms, probably a hundred years old—the one I entered opened into an old-fashioned garden, embellished with beds of larkspur and a leaden Mercury; it was wainscoted, and there was a grave-looking dark-colored portrait of Charles II. hanging up over the tiled chimney-piece. I had *Love for Love* in my pocket, and began to read; coffee was brought in, in a silver coffee-pot; the cream, the bread and butter, everything was excellent, and the flavor of Congreve's style prevailed over all. I prolonged the entertainment till a late hour, and relished this divine comedy better even than when I used to see it played by Miss Mellon, as *Miss Prue*; Bob Palmer, as *Tattle*; and Bannister as honest *Ben*. This circumstance happened just five years ago, and it seems like yesterday. If I count my life so, by lustres, it will soon glide away; yet I shall not have to repine, if, while it lasts, it is enriched by a few such recollections."*

The Henley at which Shenstone wrote his lines on an inn was the Henley on the road to Stratford-on-Avon. Johnson slept at it one night with Boswell, and had quoted a stanza from the lines in the course of the day, when they were dining at an "excellent inn at Chapelhouse."

"We dined," Boswell says, "at an excellent inn at Chapelhouse, where he (Johnson) expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns

* *Plain Speaker*, vol. I. p. 303.

and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. 'There is no private house,' said he, 'in which people can enjoy themselves so well, as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by men, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.' He then repeated with great emotion Shenstone's lines:

" 'Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.' "

Johnson was so fond of this little poem, that Miss Reynolds (sister of Sir Joshua) said she had learnt it by heart from hearing him repeat it. Some exclusive admirers of great poetry would see nothing in it; but let them try to write as good a one, and they would discover that some portion of the poetical facility was necessary to express and modulate even thoughts like these.

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire,
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble Inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin

114 *VERSES WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.*

Converts dull port to bright champagne ;
Such freedom crowns it at an Inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate !
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin !
Freedom I love and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an Inn.

Here, waiter, take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win ;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an Inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

Fine Letters of Gray.

GRAY appears to us to be the best letter-writer in the language. Others equal him in particular qualities, and surpass him in amount of entertainment; but none are so nearly faultless. Chesterfield wants heart, and even his boasted "delicacy;" Bolingbroke and Pope want simplicity; Cowper is more lively than strong; Shenstone reminds you of too many rainy days, Swift of too many things which he affected to despise, Gibbon too much of the formalist and the *littérateur*. The most amusing of all our letter-writers are Walpole and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; but though they had abundance of wit, sense, and animal spirits, you are not always sure of their veracity. Now, "the first quality in a companion," as Sir William Temple observes, "is truth;" and Gray's truth is as manifest as his other good qualities. He has sincerity, modesty, manliness (in spite of a somewhat effeminate body), learning, good-nature, playfulness, a perfect style; and if an air of pensiveness breathes over all, it is only of that resigned and contemplative sort which completes our sympathy with the writer.

Mark what he says in these letters about his sitting in the forest; about Southern; about lords and their school-days; about Shaftesbury; about having a "garding" of one's own; about Akenside compared with himself; about the Southampton Abbot, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, &c. &c.; and about sunrise—wondering "whether anybody ever saw it before," he is so astonished at their not having said more on the subject.

Gray is the "melancholy Jaques" of English literature, without the sullenness or causticity. His melancholy is of the diviner sort of Milton and Beaumont, and is always ready to assume a kindly cheerfulness.

TO HORACE WALPOLE.*

[A FOX-HUNTER—A POET'S SOLITUDE—SOUTHERN THE
DRAMATIST.]

SEPTEMBER, 1737.

I WAS hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of road which your coach-wheels have so often honored, it would be needless to give you. Suffice it, that I arrived safe at my uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination. His dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink.† He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have, at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common), all my own; at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices—mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the

* Walpole and Gray had been school-fellows at Eton; and, though differing greatly in some respects, had tastes alike in others, particularly a love for romantic fiction and Gothic architecture. Their differences were found to render them unsuitable as fellow-travellers, when they visited Italy; but they renewed their intercourse at home, and continued correspondents as long as Gray lived.

At the date of the letter before us, Walpole was a youth of twenty, residing with his father, Sir Robert, at Haughton; Gray, twenty-one, on a visit to an uncle, at Burnham, in Buckinghamshire. The reader will observe the mature manliness of his style.

† Some readers of the present day might suppose that coarse habits are here but coarsely described by the delicate young poet. But such language was not considered coarse in the time of Gray.

clouds; nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb; and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were dangerous. Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables,* that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds:

“ And as they bow their hoary tops, relate
In murmuring sounds the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.”

At the foot of one of these squats me I (*il penseroso*), and there I grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me, like Adam in paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too; that is, talk to you; but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself; but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern† at a gentleman's house, a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory, but is as agreeable as an old man can be; at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in town in about three weeks. Adieu.”

* “Reverend vegetable” is a phrase of Steele's for a common-place old man.

† Southern lived nine years longer. When he was a young man, he knew Dryden; and here is Gray, a youth, in company with Dryden's acquaintance. It is always pleasant to observe these links of celebrity.

TO RICHARD WEST.*

[BAD SPIRITS—RECOLLECTIONS OF HUSBANDS AND STATESMEN
AT SCHOOL.]

LONDON, May 27th, 1742.

MINE, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy,† for the most part; which, though it seldom laughs, or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and *ça ne laisse que de s'amuser*.‡ The only fault of it is insipidity; which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, "*credo quia impossibile est*,"§ for it believes, nay, is sure of everything that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and, on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and everything that is pleasurable. From this, the Lord deliver us; for none but he and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society, so if you have any

* Son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by a daughter of Bishop Burnet. His tastes were very like Gray's, and he promised to attain celebrity, but died of a consumption the year following the date of this letter, at the age of twenty-six.

† Melancholy signifying black choler, leucocholy would be white choler. Gray pleasantly coins the word for the occasion.

‡ Does nothing but trifle.

§ *I believe because it is impossible.* Gray might have added (and perhaps he meant to do so by what follows) that Tertullian, who was a cruel bigot, held another rule of faith, equally reasonable, namely, *I believe because it is horrible.*

charity you will contrive to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of hens: "*poulets à la broche, poulets en ragout, poulets en hâchis, poulets en fricasées*;"* reading here, reading there; nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my dessert then; for though that be reading too, yet it has a very different flavor. The May seems to be come since your invitation;† and I promise to bask in her beams, and dress me in her roses:

"Et caput in vernâ semper habere rosâ."‡

I shall see Mr. ——— and his wife, nay, and his child too, for he has got a boy. Is it not odd to consider one's contemporaries in the grave light of husband and father? There are my Lords ——— and ———, they are statesmen; do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket? As for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then; no, not for having been beyond sea. Pray, how are you?

TO THE REVEREND NORTON NICHOLLS.

[BANTER OF FORMAL EXCUSES AND FINE EXORDIUMS—SOUTHAMPTON—AN ABBOT—SUNRISE.]

Nov. 19, 1764.

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton; and as I would wish to treat everybody according to their own rule and measure of good breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and

* Roast chicken, ragooed chicken, hashed chicken, fricaseed chicken.

† West had written an ode to May, addressed to his friend.

‡ "And have my head forever in spring roses."

A line in "*Propertius*," lib. III. v. 22.

respect, and an ingenuous diffidence in my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.*

So I proceed to tell you, that my health is much improved by the sea. Not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do; no! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel. It is skirted on either side with gently rising grounds, clothed with thick wood; and directly across its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Nettley Abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half-circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself, to drive the tempter

* A banter probably of some apologetical formality on the part of Nicholls.

from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the Abbey (there were such things seen near it), though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge: but of these things I say no more. They will be published at the University press.

P.S.—I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the sun's levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapors open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue, and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one too glorious to be distinctly seen. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether anybody ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.

TO THE SAME.

[A MOTHER—SCENERY OF KENT.]

1765.

IT is a long time since, that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness; and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing

very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling ! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you ; and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart. Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me how your health is ; I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May, and all June, in Kent, not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence, the eye catches some long reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their shipping : in the east, the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails, and glittering blue expanse, with the deeper and brighter green of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine I am quite ashamed, but no matter ! You must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve.* I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by anything but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again, very disconsolate and all alone, for Mr. Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me ; you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c &c. I must not wish for you here ; besides, I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement.

* He was a clergyman ; rector of Palgrave and Thrandeston, in Suffolk.

TO THE SAME.

[HAVING A GARDEN OF ONE'S OWN—SHENSTONE—SECOND BANTER ON FORMAL APOLOGIES.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, June 24th, 1769.

AND so you have a garden of your own, and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused. Are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster; nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live.* My gardens are in my windows, like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane, or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear! how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling-stone, and an arbor! Have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate,† and got a thousand guineas and fourscore pounds a-year for my old aunt, and a twenty-pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and everything handsome about him;‡ and in a few days shall have new window-curtains: are you avized of that? Aye, and a new mattress to lie upon.

* This pleasantry becomes the more charming, when read in connection with some previous letters to Nicholls, which were in a strain of serious and somewhat remonstrating advice on carelessness in his affairs, though full of the most touching kindness.

† Some houses on the west side of Hand Alley, in Cornhill.

‡ From Dogberry's speech in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act iv. sc. 2.

My Ode* has been rehearsed again and again, and the scholars have got scraps by heart. I expect to see it torn piecemeal in the North Briton,† before it is born. If you will come, you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music-meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus.‡ I wish it was once over, for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Lande's Voyage through Italy in eight volumes. He is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read, too, an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it. His correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighboring clergymen who wrote verses too.§

* "On the Installation of the Duke of Grafton as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge."

† A periodical publication now forgotten.

‡ Handel's Oratorio of that name.

§ This is a true view of the weak side of Shenstone's character; and Gray, perhaps, confined himself to that side of it for some purpose connected with his correspondent. Otherwise Shenstone must inevitably have reaped great enjoyment from the lovely and surprising landscapes he created on his estate, which were the admiration of the best judges, and the site of his own gentle verse-making. Shenstone, like most people, was a different man under different phases of health. Gray was a warm admirer of the poem in these volumes, *The School-mistress*. He pronounced it "excellent in its kind, and masterly."

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first-thoughts for the beginning of a letter, for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own), I send it for your use on some great occasion.

"Dear Sir,

"After so long silence, the hopes of pardon, and prospect of forgiveness, might seem entirely extinct, or at least very remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and candor, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counterbalance it, or alleviate my fault: how then shall my deficiency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign?" &c. &c. &c.*

* See note *, p. 125.

Advantages of Cultivating a Taste for Pictures.

BY JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

JONATHAN RICHARDSON was a portrait-painter and critic in the time of Pope, whom he knew. He was esteemed in his art, and still more for his knowledge and admiration of art in others. He wrote treatises on Painting, notes on Milton, a poem in *Nichols's Collection*, evincing his inquiring and amiable turn of mind, called an *Address to the Morning Star*; and he was famous for his industry, early-rising, and the affection existing between him and his son. His writings have perhaps created more enthusiasm for pictures than those of any other man in England. He is not an accomplished writer, like Sir Joshua; nor has he the depth of Hazlitt; much less any of the transcendental insights of the promising critical genius who has lately made his appearance among us under the title of the "Oxford Graduate." His style is colloquial, to a degree of slovenliness: and, with the tendencies natural perhaps to his art in a professional point of view, he is too much inclined to confound prosperity with success. But he would interest us less if he did not pour forth all he thought. Candor, honesty, goodness, vivacity, and a considerable amount of taste and knowledge, constitute the charms of his writing. Sir Joshua respected him; Pope, who dabbled in painting himself, was attached to him; Hazlitt quoted him with delight.

The following remarks are on a subject which is yet far too little appreciated, but which is destined, we suspect, to play a great and delightful part in the universal world of civilization. "Knowledge is power;" but it is not only power to command (which is the sense in

which the axiom is generally taken), it is also power to enjoy. Everybody who knows anything of anything, knows how much that knowledge adds to the sum of his ordinary satisfaction; what strength it gives him, what ennui and vacuity it saves him. The smallest botanist or geologist knows it, by the way-side; the least meteorologist, as he gazes at a rack of clouds. Pictures make themselves known at once, more or less; yet nobody, who has not in some measure thought on the subject as Richardson here teaches to think, has any conception how much is to be got out of a good picture, the more he knows of the art, and of nature. He learns to know everything which the painter intends; everything which he intimates; and thus to discover volumes of meaning and entertainment where others see little but a colored page. And the more we know of pictures, the more we come to value engravings, and to know what companions they can be made; what little treasures of art we may possess, even in those faint representations, compared with the nothing to be got out of the finest paintings by the eyes of ignorance.

And then there is the reflex of Painting itself on Nature; the grateful light which she throws in her turn on the source of her inspiration; so that the more we know of objects on canvas, the more we learn to know of the objects themselves, and thus become qualified to discern pictures in everything, and to be critics of our instructor. But Richardson has touched on this point also, and the reader must not be detained from him. We would only beg leave to add, by way of individual experience in such matters, without pretending to any remarkable insight into them, either natural or acquired, that Mr. Hazlitt, whom we had the pleasure of knowing, converted us from a wrong admiration of white cottages in landscapes to the right one of the honest old red; that Mr. Haydon (whom we will not call "unfortunate," even for his end, knowing what pleasure he got out of his art in life) was the first, in our youth, to give us an eye to the attitudes and groups of people in company; and that we have reason to regard the having been conversant with a house full of paintings during childhood as one of the blessings of our existence. We have never since entered a room of that sort without a tendency to hush and move softly, as if in the presence of things above the ordinary course of nature, of spirits left behind them by great men, looking at us with divine eyes, or informing the most beautiful visions of nature with art as wonderful. And we are so.

WHAT is beautiful and excellent, is naturally adapted to please: but all beauties and excellencies are not, naturally, seen. Most gentlemen see pictures and drawings as the generality of people see the heavens in a clear, starry night; they perceive a sort of beauty there, but such a one as produces no great pleasure in the mind; but when one considers the heavenly bodies as other worlds, and that there are an infinite number of these in the empire of God (Immensity), and worlds which our eyes, assisted by the best glasses, can never reach, and so far remote from the most distant of what we see, that these visible ones are as it were our neighbors, as the continent of France is to Great Britain; when one considers farther, that as there are inhabitants on this continent, though we see them not when we see *that*, it is altogether unreasonable to imagine that those innumerable worlds are uninhabited and desert; there must be beings there, some perhaps more, others less noble and excellent than man. When one thus views this vast prospect, the mind is otherwise affected than before, and feels a delight which common notions never can administer. So those who at present cannot comprehend there can be such pleasure in a good picture or drawing as connoisseurs pretend to find, may learn to see the same thing themselves; their eyes being once opened, they may be said to obtain a new sense; and new pleasures flow in as often as the objects of that superinduced sight present themselves, which (to people of condition especially) very frequently happens, or may be procured, whether here at home, or in their travels abroad. When a gentleman has learned to see the beauties and excellencies that are really in good pictures and drawings and which may be learnt by conversing with such, and applying himself to the consideration of them, he will look upon that with joy which he now passes over with very little pleasure, if not with indifference;

may, a sketch, a scabble of the hand of a great master, will be capable of administering to him a greater degree of pleasure than those who know it not by experience can have any conception of. Besides the graceful and noble attitudes, the beauty of colors and forms; and the fine effects of light and shadow, which none sees as a connoisseur does, such a one enters farther than any other can do into the beauties of the invention, expression, and other parts of the work he is considering. He sees strokes of art, contrivances, expedients, a delicacy and spirit, that others see not, or very imperfectly.

He sees what force of mind the great masters had to conceive ideas; what judgment to see things beautifully, or to imagine beauty from what they saw; and what a power their hands were endued withal, in a few strokes and with ease, to show to another what themselves conceived.

What is it that gives us pleasure in reading a history or poem, but that the mind is thereby furnished with a variety of images? And what distinguishes some authors, and sets them above the common level, but their knowing how to raise their subject? The Trojan or Peloponnesian wars would never have been thought of by us, if a Homer or Thucydides had not told the stories of them, who knew how to do it so as to fill the minds of their readers with great and delightful ideas. He who converses with the works of the best masters is always reading such admirable authors; and his mind consequently, in proportion, entertained and delighted with the histories, fables, characters, the ideas of magnificent buildings, fine prospects, &c.

And he sees these things in those different lights which the various manners of thinking of the several masters sets them; he sees them as they are represented by the capricious but vast genius of Leonardo da Vinci; the fierce and gigantic one of Michael Angelo; the diving and polite one

of Raphael ; the poetical fancy of Guido ; the angelical mind of Corregio, or Parmegiano ; the haughty, sullen, but accomplished Annibal, the learned Augustino Caracci.

A connoisseur hath this further advantage, that he not only sees beauties in pictures and paintings, which to common eyes are invisible ; but he learns by these to see such in nature, in the exquisite forms and colors, the fine effects of lights, and shadows, and reflections, which in her are always to be found, and from whence he hath a pleasure which otherwise he could never have had, and which none with untaught eyes can possibly discern : he has a constant pleasure of this kind even in the most common things, and the most familiar to us, so that what people usually look upon with the utmost indifference, creates an home-felt delight in his mind. The noblest works of Raphael, the most ravishing music of Handel, the most masterly strokes of Milton, touch not people who are without discernment.

So, the beauties themselves of those all-perfect works of the great author of nature are not seen but by enlightened eyes, that is, those eyes which are taught to see ; to those they appear far otherwise than before they were ; so, so far otherwise ! that *one* sees through a glass darkly (through the gross medium of ignorance) ; the *other*, that of a connoisseur, as when the angel had removed the film from Adam's eyes, and purged with euphrasy and rue, the visual nerve, seeth beauty divine and human, as far as human may, as we hope to see everything, still nearer to its true beauty and perfection, in a better state ; when we shall " see what eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered the heart of man to conceive."

By conversing with the works of the best masters, our imaginations are impregnated with great and beautiful images, which present themselves on all occasions in

reading an author, or ruminating upon some great action, ancient or modern ; everything is raised, everything improved from what it would have been otherwise. Nay, those lovely images with which our minds are thus enriched, arise there continually, and give us pleasure, with or without any particular application.

What is rare and curious, exclusive of any other consideration, we naturally take pleasure in ; because, as variable as our circumstances are, there is so much of repetition in life that more variety is still desirable. The works of the great masters would thus recommend themselves to us, though they had not that transcendent excellency that they have ; they are such as are rarely seen ; they are the works of a small number of the species in one little country of the world, and in a short space of time. But their excellency being put into the scale makes the rarity of them justly considerable. They are the works of men like whom none are now to be found, and when there will be, God only knows !

“ Art et guides, tout est dans les Champs Élysées.”

LA FONTAINE.

What the old man Melanthius says of Polygnotus (as he is cited by Plutarch in the life of Cimon), may, with a little alteration, be applied to these men in general ; it is thus already translated :

“ This famous painter, at his own expense,
Gave Athens beauty and magnificence ;
New life to all the heroes did impart ;
Embellish'd all the temples with his art ;
The splendor of the state restor'd again ;
And so he did oblige both gods and men.”

What still adds to the rarity of the excellent works we

are speaking of is, their number must necessarily diminish by sudden accidents, or the slow, but certain injuries of time.

Another pleasure belonging to connoissance is when we find anything particular and curious ; as the first thoughts of a master for some remarkable picture ; the original of a work of a great master, the copy of which we have already by some other considerable hand ; a drawing of a picture, or after an antique very famous, or which is now lost ; or when we make some new acquisition upon reasonable terms, chiefly when we get for ourselves something we much desired, but could not hope to be masters of ; when we make some new discovery, something that improves our knowledge in connoissance or painting, or otherwise ; and abundance of such like incidents, and which very frequently happens to a diligent connoisseur.

The pleasure that arises from a knowledge of hands is not like, or equal to that of the other parts of the business of a connoisseur, but neither is this destitute of it. When one sees an admirable piece of art, it is part of the connoisseur to know to whom to attribute it, and then to know his history ; which arises, I hope, from a natural justice in the human mind that loves and desires to pay a little tribute of gratitude where it discovers it to be due to that merit of another which it is actually enjoying. The custom of putting the author's portrait or life at the beginning of his book, is kindly giving us an opportunity of doing this.

When one is considering a picture or a drawing,* and at the same time thinks this was done by him who had many

* The passage here commencing is one enormously long sentence, continued to the words "these reflections," at p. 140. It may be supposed, however, to be very agreeably poured forth in the heat of conversation.

extraordinary endowments of body and mind, and was withal a virtuous man and a fine gentleman in his whole life, and still more at his death, expiring in the arms of one of the greatest princes of that age, Francis I., king of France, who loved him as a friend ;*—another is of him who lived a long and happy life beloved of the Emperor Charles V., and many others of the first princes of Europe ;†—when one has another in his hand, and thinks that this was done by one who so excelled in three arts, as that any one of them, in that degree he possessed them all, had rendered him worthy of immortality, and who moreover dared to contend with his sovereign (one of the haughtiest popes that ever was) upon a slight offered to him, and extricated himself with honor ;‡—another is the work of that great self-formed, authentic genius, who was the model of supernatural grace ; who alone painted heaven, as surely it is ; and hath represented to human weakness the angelic nature ; this, too, by inspiration ! not having had any master, or none but whom he left quite out of sight in the earliest progresses of his divine pencil ; he even never saw the works of other great masters, having always confined himself to his native Lombardy, except one single one of Raphael, and a great one indeed that was, his St. Cecilia when brought to Bologna ; and then, after considering it with long attention, and the admiration it deserved, he had the spirit (and he had a right to that spirit) to say, “ Well, I am a painter, too ;”§ he was so little known to the rest of Italy, that he passed till very lately, in the opinion of the world, for a low, poor, indigent creature, from the ill-information or malice of Vasari, always prejudiced against the Lombard painters, when his character was rescued from its affected obscurity, and his noble birth and connections, and splen-

* Leonardo da Vinci.

† Titian.

‡ Michael Angelo.

§ Corregio.

did wealth, asserted beyond all possibility and dispute by the indefatigable industry of Ludovico Antonio David, a Milanese painter, and published at Bologna ;—another we shall consider as the work of him who restored painting when it was almost sunk ; of him whom his art made honorable ; but who neglecting and despising greatness with a sort of cynical pride, was treated suitably to the figure he gave himself, not to his intrinsic merit ; which not having philosophy enough to bear, it broke his heart ;* another is performed by one, who (on the contrary) was a fine gentleman, and of great magnificence, and was much honored by his own and foreign princes ; who was a courtier, a statesman, and a painter ; and so much all these, that when he acted in either character, that seemed to be his business, and the others his diversion ;† —when one thus reflects, besides the pleasure arising from the beauties and excellencies of the work, the fine ideas it gives us of natural things, the noble way of thinking one finds in it, and the pleasing thoughts it may suggest to us, an additional pleasure results from these reflections.

But, oh ! the pleasure ! when a connoisseur and lover of art has before him a picture or drawing, of which he can say, this is the hand, these the thoughts of him who was one of the politest, best-natured gentlemen that ever was ; who was beloved and assisted by the greatest wits, and the greatest men then at Rome, at a time when politeness and all those arts which make life taste truly agreeable, were carried to a greater height than at any period since the reign of Augustus : of him who lived in great fame, honor, and magnificence, and died universally lamented ; and even missed a cardinal's hat only by dying a few months too soon ; but was, above all, highly esteemed and favored by two popes, the only ones

* Caravaggio ?

† Rubens.

who filled the chair of St. Peter in his time ;—one (in short) who could have been a Leonardo, a Michael Angelo, a Titian, a Corregio, a Parmegiano, an Annibal, a Rubens, or any other when he pleased, but none of them could ever have been a Raphael.

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College.

THIS poem has been noticed in our preface, and in the introduction to the Long Story. It is full of thought, tenderness, and music, and should make the writer beloved by all persons of reflection, especially those who know what it is to visit the scenes of their school-days. They may not all regard them in the same melancholy light; but the melancholy light will cross them, and then Gray's lines will fall in upon the recollection, at once like a bitter and a balm.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields beloved in vain,

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain ?
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race,
 Disporting on thy margent green,
 The paths of pleasure trace,
 Who foremost now delight to cleave
 With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest business bent,
 Their murmuring labors ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty,
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare desory ;
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess ;

The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs, buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train ;
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy ;
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
And keen remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amidst severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of death,
More hideous than their queen ;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow consuming age.

To each his sufferings ; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate !
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies :
Thought would destroy their paradise.—
No more. Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

A Long Story.

THE *Long Story* is so entitled in deprecation of any tedium which the reader might experience in perusing a personal adventure of the author's who was too sensitive on such points. He pleasantly pretends that he has omitted five hundred stanzas. The occasion of the poem was a visit paid him by two ladies, who did him the honor of being their own introducers. Gray was at the house of his aunt, in his native village of Stoke Pogels, near Windsor. His mother was there also. The Viscountess Cobham,* who possessed the mansion-house of the place, wished to make the poet's acquaintance. The ladies in question undertook to break the ice for her. Not finding him at home, they left a card, intimating that they came to tell him of the good health of a Lady Brown, a friend of his. Shy and sequestered as he was, the poet returned the visit; and he takes the opportunity of describing the house, and complimenting its inmates.

Walpole said of Gray, that, however well he might write in moods altogether serious, his real forte was pleasantry. Undoubtedly Gray's pleasantry is of a more original cast than his seriousness; less indebted to that of his predecessors. Yet there is reason to believe that every thought which he transferred to paper had passed through his own mind, though his love of the writings of others too often induced him to express it in their words. Half his verses are centos; and yet we feel them to be rather sympathies than echoes. His *Ode on the Prospect of Eton College*, and his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, are the regrets of all his fellow-mortals, and of himself. Gray was a scholarly, thoughtful, affectionate man; a little effeminate in his hab-

* Sister of Pope's Lord Cobham, and subsequently Countess Temple.

its, owing to a feeble constitution ; but manly in his judgments, and superior to every kind of sophistry and meanness.

Gray's pleasantry came to him through his melancholy, assisted by the general delicacy of his perceptions, and his willingness to be pleased. Though a little too cautious of committing his dignity, he was not one of those who "take a calamity for an affront." He was willing to give and to receive pleasure, and this is a disposition which Nature is sure to reward. In the *Long Story* we see him hesitating at first whether he should go to the "great house." He was not only loth to be disturbed in his sequestered habits ; he was jealous of what might be thought of his humble independence, and his footing as a "gentleman." (He was the son of a scrivener.) But good-nature prevails, not unaccompanied by a willingness to find himself among ladies of rank and elegance ; and though he might as well have dropped the circumstance of his secreting himself, he has made a charming picture both of the interview of the ladies with his mother and aunt (whom he pretends they pinched and "rummaged" like fairies), and of the great Elizabethan house, with its old associations,—things in which he delighted ; for he was an antiquary with all the zest of a poet. The whole poem is full of picturesqueness, fancy, and wit.

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands ;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.*

Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,

* A line that has become a favorite quotation with critics, especially as applied to passages in music.

My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls;*
The seal and maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning?
Shame of the versifying tribe!
Your history whither are you spinning?
Can you do nothing but describe?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first† came *cap-à-pie* from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

* The brawl (*brank*) was a fashionable dance. The Lord Keeper is Sir Christopher Hatton, a handsome man, who is said to have danced himself into the office. It is unquestionable that he made way somehow into the heart of Elizabeth. Dancing, however, appears to have been so much admired by this great queen, that another and graver lawyer, Sir John Davies, no mean philosophical poet, who was also one of her most devoted panegyrists, divided his leisure thoughts between metrical treatises on the *Art of Dancing* and on the *Immortality of the Soul*. Biographers, by the way, tell us, that Hatton never possessed a house at Stoke Pogeis. Gray, however, says he did; and there he is in consequence, living forever.

† Lady Schaub.

The other Amazon* kind heav'n
 Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire;
 But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
 And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
 Coarse panegyrics would but tease her:
 Melissa is her *nom de guerre*;
 Alas! who would not wish to please her?

With bonnet blue, and capuchin,
 And aprons long, they hid their armor,
 And veil'd their weapons bright and keen
 In pity to the country farmer.

Fame in the shape of Mr. P——t
 (By this time all the parish know it)
 Had told that thereabouts there lurk'd
 A wicked imp they call'd a poet,†

Who prowld the country far and near,
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
 Dry'd up the cows and lam'd the deer,
 And suck'd the eggs and kill'd the pheasants.

My Lady, heard their joint petition,
 Swore, by her coronet and ermine,
 She'd issue out her high commission
 To rid the manor of such vermin.

* Miss Harriett Speed. She was a descendant of the historian, and became the wife of the Sardinian ambassador, the Count de Veri.

† Mr. P—— was a Mr. *Purt* or *Purkt*. He is said to have been displeased with this allusion,—Mason thinks unreasonably; but nobody likes to be thought a gossip. Mason knew that Gray was a good-natured man; but of this, Mr. P. might not have been so sure.

The heroines undertook the task ;
Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlor enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt ;
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle ;
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-skurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber ;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio ;
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Conveyed him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumor says (who will, believe) ;
But that they left the door ajar,
Where safe, and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy ; he little knew
The power of magic was no fable ;
Out of the window whisk they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder ;
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That will-he, nill-he, to the great house
He went as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel ;
But, with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was set, the culprit there ;
Forth from their gloomy mansion creeping
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping :

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry
(Styack* has often seen the sight),
Or at the chapel-door stand sentry ;

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
Sour visages enough to scare ye,
High dames of honor once that garnish'd
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary !

* The housekeeper.

The peeress comes ; the audience stare,
And doff their hats with due submission ;
She curt'sies, as she takes her chair,
To all the people of condition.

The bard with many an artful fib
Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of Squib,*
And all that Groom† could urge against him ;

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
When he the solemn hall had seen ;
A sudden fit of ague shook him—
He stood as mute as poor Maclean.‡

Yet something he was heard to mutter
"How in the park, beneath an old tree,
Without design to hurt the butter,
Or any malice to the poultry,

He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet,
Yet hop'd that he might save his bacon ;
Numbers would give their oath upon it,
He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagg'd face
Already had condemn'd the sinner ;
My Lady rose, and with a grace—
She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner.

"Jesu Maria ! Madam Bridget,
Why what can the Viscountess mean ?"

* The groom of the chamber. † The steward.

‡ A famous highwayman who had just been executed.

Cry'd the square hoods in woful fidget ;
" The times are alter'd, quite and clean :

" Decorum's turn'd to mere civility !
Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability !
Speak to a commoner and poet !"

[*Here 500 Stanzas are lost.*]

And so God save our noble King,
And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
And keep my lady from her rubbers.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

FROM ADDISON'S PAPERS IN THE "SPECTATOR."

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY is one of those truthful types of character, which, though created by the mind of man, yet, by the ordination of Nature herself (for Nature includes art among her works), outlasts the successive generations of flesh and blood which it represents. The individuals perish, and leave no memorial; nay, we hardly care to know them while living. We might find them tiresome. We feel that Nature has done well in making them; we are grateful for the race; especially on behalf of others, and of the poor; but we do not particularly see the value of their society; when, lo! in steps one of Nature's imitators—called men of genius—and, by the mere fact of producing a likeness of the species to the mind's eye, enchants us forever both with it and himself. A little philosophy may easily explain this; but perhaps a little more may still leave it among the most interesting of mysteries.

We have said a word elsewhere (see *Gradations of Clubs*) respecting the first invention of Sir Roger by Steele, and the compatibility of his early fopperies with a genuine simplicity. But unquestionably Addison took up the invention of Steele, and enriched and completed it in a way that left the invention itself at a distance. The whole of the following papers are from his exquisite pen. They render comment superfluous. One has nothing to do but repeat passages, and admire them.

SIR ROGER'S HOUSEHOLD ESTABLISHMENT.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am

settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my own chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons ; for, as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants ; and as he is beloved by all about, his servants never care for leaving him ; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother ; his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-councillor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard for his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe, with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master ; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of a father and the master of a family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions about them-

selves. This humanity and good-nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good-humor, and none so much as the person he diverts himself with. On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning ; of a very regular life and obliging conversation : he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than as a dependant.

I have observed in several of my papers, that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist ; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man I have just now mentioned ? And without staying for an answer told me, "That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason he desired a par-

ticular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning ; of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish ; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them : if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision ; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons that have been printed in English, and only begged of him, that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued series of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us ; and upon the knight asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us the Bishop of St. Asaph* in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the year, where I saw, with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Bar-

* Dr. Fleetwood, afterwards Bishop of Ely.

row, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example ; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

SIR ROGER'S BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH ON A SUNDAY.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and I think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds

the notions of religion, but as it puts both sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed there, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing : he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-eloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular ; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common-prayer book ; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms ; upon which they now very much value themselves, and outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself ; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions ; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it ; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer ; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is on their knees,

to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a-year to the clerk's place: and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a-year who do not believe it.

SIR ROGER AND THE GIPSIES.

AS I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants, but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these oc-

casions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop ; but, at the same time, gave me a particular account of the mischief they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. " If a stray piece of linen hangs on the hedge," says Sir Roger, " they are sure to have it ; if the hog loses his way in the field, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey ; our geese cannot live in peace for them ; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it : they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year ; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them, and although he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for about half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome jades amongst them ; the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars, which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alight-

ed from his horse, and exposed his palm to two or three that stood by him; they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sun-burnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage;" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night; my old friend cried pish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought: the knight still repeated "she was an idle baggage," and bid her go on. "Ah, master," says the gipsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you han't that simper about the mouth for nothing." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good-humor, meeting a common beggar on the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of Palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of Commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into

observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts, about twenty years ago. "As the *Trekschuyt* or Hackney-boat which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in, which the master refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay his fare. An eminent merchant, being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon further examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gipsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate; the father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a son return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages." Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist, having re-

ceived such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off, by little and little, all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations: nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honor to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gipsy.

**SIR ROGER'S VISIT TO THE TOMBS IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**

MY friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport, since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Truby's Water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it

down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzick; when, of a sudden turning short to one of his servants who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Truby's Water, telling me that the Widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "and truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axle-tree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobaccoist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining

part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesly Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesly Shovel! a very gallant man." As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: "Dr. Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather: a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead: a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very much pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees: and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive about her name and family: and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle."

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair, and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he begged his honor would pay

his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned ; but our guide not insisting on his demand, the knight soon recovered his good-humor, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince ; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb ; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil ; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed out that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head ; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since ; "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," said Sir Roger ; "you ought to lock up your kings better : they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude for the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old

friend which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man ; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

Manners of the French.

ABOUT thirty years ago a volume appeared from the pen of a traveller in France, which set "all the world" in England upon going to that country, and living on the charming "banks of the Loire;" a river not so well known then, as it has lately been, for an ugly trick it has of overflowing its banks, and frightening its Paradisaical inhabitants out of their wits. We allude to the travels of Lieutenant-Colonel Pinckney, an officer in the American service, who made the greater part of his tour in company with another American gentleman and two French ladies, one of whom was his friend's wife. This circumstance will account for the different modes in which he speaks of himself in the following extracts, one of them implying that he was alone. Our extracts are what the reviewers would call "favorable specimens;" that is, of French character; and we make them advisedly such, for neighborly purposes. Englishmen like to see favorable specimens of their own travellers in the accounts given of them by Frenchmen; and we therefore do as we would be done by. Both Englishmen and Frenchmen have faults to mend and customs to get rid of; and they cannot do better than by regarding with kindness what is best on both sides.

THE main purpose of my journey (says the gallant Colonel) being rather to see the manners of the people, than the brick and mortar of the towns, I had formed a resolution to seek the necessary refreshment as seldom as possible at

inns, and as often as possible in the houses of the humbler farmers, and the better kind of peasantry. About fifteen miles from Calais my horse and myself were looking out for something of this kind, and one shortly appeared about three hundred yards on the left side of the road. It was a cottage in the midst of a garden, and the whole surrounded by a hedge, which looked delightfully green and refreshing. The garden was all in flower and bloom. The walls of the cottage were robed in the same livery of nature. I had seen such cottages in Kent and Devonshire, but in no other part of the world. The inhabitants were simple people, small farmers, having about ten or fifteen acres of land. Some grass was immediately cut for my horse, and the coffee which I produced from my pocket was speedily set before me, with cakes, wine, some meat, and cheese—the French peasantry having no idea of what we call tea. Throwing the windows up, so as to enjoy the scenery and freshness of the garden; sitting upon one chair, and resting a leg upon the other; alternately pouring out my coffee, and reading a pocket edition of Thomson's *Seasons*, I enjoyed one of those moments which gave a zest to life; I felt happy, and in peace and in love with all around me.

Proceeding upon my journey, two miles on the Calais side of Boulogne I fell in with an overturned chaise, which the postilion was trying to raise. The vehicle was a *chaise de poste*, the ordinary travelling carriage of the country, and a thing in a civilized country wretched beyond conception. It was drawn by three horses, one in the shafts, and one on each side. The postillion had ridden on the one on the driving side; he was a little punch fellow, and in a pair of boots like fire-buckets. The travellers consisted of an old French lady and gentleman; madame in a high crimped cap, and stiff long whalebone stays. Monsieur informed me very

courteously of the cause of the accident, whilst madame alternately curtsied to me, and menaced and scolded the postilion.

A single cart, and a wagon, were all the vehicles that I saw between Boulogne and Abbeville. In England, in the same space, I should have seen a dozen or score.

Not being pressed for time, the beauty of a scene at some little distance from the road-side tempted me to enter into a bye-lane, and take a nearer view of it. A village church, embosomed in a chestnut-wood, just rose above the trees on the top of a hill; the setting sun was on its casements, and the foliage of the wood was burnished by the golden reflection. The distant hum of the village green was just audible; but not so the French horn, which echoed in full melody through the groves. Having rode about half a mile through a narrow sequestered lane, which strongly reminded me of the half-green and half-trodden bye-roads in Warwickshire, I came to the bottom of the hill, on the brow and summit of which the village and church were situated. I now saw whence the sound of the horn proceeded. On the left of the road was an ancient chateau, situated in a park or very extensive meadow, and ornamented as well by some venerable trees, as by a circular fence of flowering shrubs, guarded on the outside by a paling on a raised mound. The park or meadow having been newly mown, had an air at once ornamented and natural. A party of ladies were collected under a patch of trees situated in the middle of the lawn. I stopped at the gate to look at them, thinking myself unperceived; but in the same moment the gate was opened to me by a gentleman and two ladies, who were walking the round. An explanation was now necessary, and was accordingly given. The gentleman informed me, upon his part, that the chateau belonged to Mons. St. Quentin, a member of the French senate,

and a judge of the district ; that he had a party of friends with him upon the occasion of his lady's birthday, that they were about to begin dancing, and that Mons. St. Quentin would highly congratulate himself on my accidental arrival. One of the ladies, having previously apologized and left us, had seemingly explained to Mons. St. Quentin the main circumstance belonging to me ; for he now appeared, and repeated the invitation in his own person. The ladies added their kind importunities. I dismounted, gave my horse to a servant in waiting, and joined this happy and elegant party—for such it really was.

I had now, for the first time, an opportunity of forming an opinion of French beauty, the assemblage of ladies being very numerous, and all of them most elegantly dressed. Travelling, and the imitative arts, have given a most surprising uniformity to all the fashions of dress and ornament ; and whatever may be said to the contrary, there is a very slight difference between the scenes of a French and English polite assembly. If anything, however, be distinguishable, it is more in degree than in substance. The French fashions, as I saw them here, differed in no other point from what I had seen in London, but in degree. The ladies were certainly more exposed about the necks, and their hair was dressed with more fancy ; but the form was in almost everything the same. The most elegant novelty was a hat, which doubled up like a fan, so that the ladies carried it in their hands. There were more colored than white muslins ; a variety which had a very pretty effect amongst the trees and flowers. The same observation applies to the gentlemen. Their dresses were made as in England ; but the pattern of the cloth, or some appendage to it, was different. One gentleman habited in a grass-colored silk coat, had very much the appearance of Beau Mordecai in the farce : the ladies, how-

ever, seemed to admire him ; and in some conversation with him I found him, in spite of his coat, a very well-informed man. There were likewise three or four fancy dresses ; a Dian, a wood-nymph, and a sweet girl playing upon a flute, habited according to a picture of Calypso by David. On the whole, there was certainly more fancy, more taste, and more elegance, than in an English party of the same description ; though there was not so many handsome women as would have been the proportion of such an assembly in England.

✧✧✧ From La Fleche to Angers, and thence to Ancennis, the country is a complete garden. The hills were covered with vines ; every wood had its chateau, and every village its church. The peasantry were clean and happy, the children cheerful and healthful looking, and the greater part of the younger women spirited and handsome. There was a great plenty of fruit ; and as we passed through the villages, it was invariably brought to us, and almost as invariably any pecuniary return refused with a retreating curtsy. One sweet girl, a young peasant, with eyes and complexion which would be esteemed handsome even in Philadelphia, having made Mr. Young and myself an offering of this kind, replied very prettily to our offer of money, that the women of La Fleche never sold either grapes or water ; as much as to say that the one was as plentiful as the other. Some of these young girls were dressed not only neatly but tastily. Straw hats are the manufacture of the province ; few of them, therefore, but had a straw bonnet, and few of these bonnets were without ribbons or flowers.

We remained at Oudon till near sunset, when we resumed our road to Ancennis, where we intended to sleep. As this was only a distance of seven miles, we took it very leisurely, sometimes riding and sometimes walking. The evening was as beautiful as is usual in the southern parts of

Europe at this season of the year. The road was most romantically recluse, and so serpentine as never to be visible beyond a hundred yards. The nightingales were singing in the adjoining woods. The road, moreover, was bordered on each side by lofty hedges, intermingled with fruit-trees, and even vines in full bearing. At every half-mile a cross-road, branching from the main one, led into the recesses of the country, or to some castle or villa on the high grounds which look to the river. At some of these bye-ways were very curious inscriptions, painted on narrow boards affixed to a tree. Such were, "The way to 'My Heart's Content' is half a league up this road, and then turn to the right, and keep on till you reach it." And another, "The way to 'Love's Hermitage' is up this lane, till you come to the cherry-tree by the side of a chalk-pit, where there is another direction." Mademoiselle Sillery informed me, that these kind of inscriptions were characteristic of the banks of the Loire.

"The inhabitants along the whole of the course of this river," said she, "have the reputation, from time immemorial, of being all native poets; and the reputation, like some prophecies, has perhaps been the means of realizing itself. You do not perhaps know that the Loire is called in the provinces the River of Love: and doubtless its beautiful banks, its green meadows, and its woody recesses, have what the musicians would call a symphony of tone with that passion." I have translated this sentence verbally from my note-book, as it may give some idea of Mademoiselle Sillery. If ever a figure was formed to inspire the passion of which she spoke, it was this lady. Many days and years must pass over before I forget our walk on the green road from Oudon to Ancennis—one of the sweetest, softest scenes in France.

We entered the forest of Ancennis as the sun was setting. This forest is celebrated, in every ancient French ballad, as

being the haunt of fairies, and the scene of the ancient archery of the provinces of Bretagne and Anjou. The road through it was over a green turf, in which the marks of a wheel were scarcely visible. The forest on each side was very thick. At short intervals, narrow footpaths struck into the wood. Our carriage had been sent before to Ancennis, and we were walking merrily on, when the well-known sound of the French horn arrested our steps and attention. Mademoiselle Sillery immediately guessed it to proceed from a company of archers; and in a few moments her conjecture was verified by the appearance of two ladies and a gentleman, who issued from one of the narrow paths. The ladies, who were merely running from the gentleman, were very tastily habited in the favorite French dress after the Dian of David; whilst the blue silk jacket and hunting-cap of the gentleman gave him the appearance of a groom about to ride a race. Our appearance necessarily took their attention; and after an exchange of salutes, but in which no names were mentioned on either side, they invited us to accompany them to their party, who were refreshing themselves in an adjoining dell. "We have had a party at archery," said one of them, "and Madame St. Amante has won the silver bugle and bow. The party is now at supper, after which we go to the chateau to dance. Perhaps you will not suffer us to repent having met you, by refusing to accompany us." Mademoiselle Sillery was very eager to accept this invitation, and looked rather blank when Mrs. Young declined it, as she wished to proceed on her road as quickly as possible. "You will at least accompany us, merely to see the party." "By all means," said Mademoiselle Sillery. "I must really regret that I cannot," said Mrs. Young. "If it must be so," resumed the lady who was inviting us, "let us exchange tokens, and we may meet again." This proposal,

so perfectly new to me, was accepted: the fair archers gave our ladies their pearl crescents, which had the appearance of being of considerable value. Madame Young returned something which I did not see: Mademoiselle Sillery gave a silver Cupid, which had served her for an essence-bottle. The gentleman then shaking hands with us, and the ladies embracing each other, we parted mutually satisfied. "Who are these ladies?" demanded I. "You know them as well as we do," replied Mademoiselle Sillery. "And is it thus," said I, "that you receive all strangers indiscriminately?" "Yes," replied she, "all strangers of a certain condition. Where they are evidently of our own rank, we know of no reserve. Indeed, why should we? It is to general advantage to be pleased, and to please each other." "But you embraced them as if you really felt an affection for them." "And I did feel that affection for them," said she, "as long as I was with them. I would have done them every service in my power, and would even have made sacrifices to serve them." "And yet if you were to see them again, you would perhaps not know them." "Very possibly," replied she. "But I can see no reason why every affection should be necessarily permanent. We never pretend to permanence. We are certainly transient, but not insincere."

In this conversation we reached Ancennis, a village on a green surrounded by forests. Some of the cottages, as we saw them by moonlight, seemed most delightfully situated; and the village had altogether that air of quietness and of rural retreat, which characterizes the scenery of the Loire. Our horses having preceded us by an hour or more, everything was prepared for us when we reached our inn. A turkey had been put down to roast, and I entered the kitchen in time to prevent its being spoilt by French cookery. Mademoiselle Sillery had the table provided in an instant

with silver forks and table-linen. Had a Parisian seen a table thus set out at Ancennis, without knowing that we had brought all these requisites with us, he would not have credited his senses. The inns in France along the banks of the Loire are less deficient in substantial comforts than in these ornamental appendages. Poultry is everywhere cheap, and in great plenty ; but a French inn-keeper has no idea of a table-cloth, and still less of a clean one. He will give you food and a feather-bed, but you must provide yourselves with sheets and table-cloths.

A House and Grounds.

FROM COWLEY, SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, LADY WINCHILSEA,
AND MACKENZIE.

"I've often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to ledge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood."

Few indeed are the persons that in the course of their lives have not entertained wishes of the like sort. Sometimes they have realized them; sometimes been disappointed by the realization itself. In the latter case, the fault is neither in the wish nor in the things wished for. The wish is good, if only as a pleasure of the imagination and an encouragement to the means for attaining its object; and the things are found to be very good indeed, by those whose temperaments and habits qualify them for the enjoyment. Stories of unhappy millionaires who retire only to find the country tedious, of tallow-chandlers who yearn for their melting days, and even of poets discontented with their "groves," prove but the want of previous fitness, or of sufficient good health. The tallow-chandler should have cultivated something besides long-sixes, and the poet should not have sate reading about his groves till the state of his biliary vessels hindered his enjoyment when he got them. There is, however, a great deal of difference in those cases. That of the tallow-chandler, if he knows

nothing but tallow and is not in a patient state of health, is hopeless, for he is neither clever nor poor enough to be able to go and help the village carpenter. He must needs quit his roses for the melting-tub, and in very desperation grows richer than he was before. But the love of groves and gardens being a habit of the poet's mind, he bears ill-health better with them than without them; complaint itself comforts him more than it does other men, for he complains in verse; and it is not to be supposed that Shenstone, with all his desire of visitors, and Cowley, with all his child-like disappointments as to "rustic innocence," did not pass many happy, or at least many soothing, days in their country abodes. Shenstone, in particular, must have largely partaken of the pleasures of a creator, for he invented the lovely scenes about his house, and saw to their execution.

It would be a good work in some writer to collect instances of this kind of disappointment and the reverse, and show how entirely each was to be attributed to particular circumstances, and not to that universal doom so falsely predicated of all human expectations. Great names prove nothing against counter-examples. Solomon himself may have been disappointed; but it was not because he was the "wisest of men," it was because he had been too rich and luxurious, and so far one of the foolishhest. We do not find that his brother philosopher, Epicurus, was disappointed; for he was poor and temperate, and thus was enabled to enjoy his garden to the last. There have been abdicated monarchs who wished to resume their thrones—royal tallow-chandlers who could not do without their melting levee-days; but such was not the case with Diocletian, who had a taste for gardening. On the contrary, he told the ambassadors who came to tempt him back to power, that if they knew what pleasure he took in his "cabbages," they would hate to go back themselves. Swift, who imitated from Horace the verses at the head of this article, would never have been happy in retirement, for he had a restless blood, and his good consisted in the attainment of power. He must have written with greater zest the lines a little further on:—

"But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die:
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs forever."

But his friend Pope set up his rest early in life at Twickenham, and never desired to leave it. Ill-health itself in him was luckily of a kind

that made him tranquil. The author of the *Seasons* never tired of the country. White of Selborne never tired of it. Both found incessant occupation in watching the proceedings of the Nature they loved.

It must be observed of Thomson, however, that he lived so near town as to be able to visit it whenever he chose. His house was at beautiful Richmond. I doubt not he would have been happy anywhere with a few trees and friends; but he liked a play also, and streets, and human movement. He would fain not go so far from London as not to be able to interchange the delights of town and country. And why should anybody that can help it? The loveliest country can be found within that reasonable distance, especially in these days of railroads. You may bury yourself in as healthy, if not as wide, a solitude as if you were in the Highlands; and, in an hour or two, you can enhance the pleasures of returning to it, by a book of your own buying, or a toy for your children. To resign forever the convenience and pleasures of intercourse with a great city would be desired by few; and it would be least of all desired (except under very particular circumstances) by those who can enjoy the country most; because the power to discern, and the disposition to be pleased, are equally the secrets of the enjoyment in both cases. These, and a congenial occupation, will make a conscientious man happy anywhere if he has decent health; and if he is sickly, no earthly comforts can supply the want of them, no, not even the affection of those about him: for what is affection, if it show nothing but the good hearts of those who feel it, and is wasted on a thankless temper? Acquisition of information, benignity, something to do, and as many things as possible to love, these are the secrets of happiness in town or country. If White of Selborne had been a town instead of a country clergyman, he would have told us all about the birds in the city as well as the suburbs. We should have had the best reason given us why lime-trees flourish in London smoke; lists of flowers for our windows would have been furnished us, together with their times of blooming; we should have been told of the Ratopolis under ground, as well as of the dray-horses above it; and perhaps the discoverer of the double *spiracula* in the noses of stags would have found out the reason why tallow-chandlers have no noses at all.

Now, what sort of house would most take the fancy of readers who enjoy a book like the present? We mean for repose and comfort, apart from the nobler and severer pleasures (very rare ones) arising

from discharging the duties belonging to a large estate. Certainly not the house belonging to such an estate ; not a house like Pliny's, the size and "set out" of which it is a labor to read of; not the cold southern halls of the Romans or Italians, unfit for this climate; nor an ancient Greek, nor modern Eastern house, with the women's apartments imprisoned off from the rest; nor an old French *château* (except in Mrs. Radcliffe's romances)—for though pretty to read of, as belonging to the Montmorencys or the Rambouilletes, it was inconvenient inside, and had formal grounds without; nor the lumbering old German house, such as Goethe describes it, though habit and love may have sanctified all these; no, nor even the princely palace of Chatsworth, though it be as full of taste as the owner, and of fragrance from conservatories as of blessings from the poor. Comfortable rooms, doubtless, are to be found in that palace; nay, snug ones; for the height of taste implies the height of good sense; and such a nest and corner-loving mood of the mind as that epithet designates, we may be sure is not unprovided for. Yet the corner still is in the great house; is a part of it; cannot get rid of it; is shouldered and (of any other such mansion you might say) scorned by it. We must have been used to such houses all our lives (which is seldom the case with those whose luxuries lie in books), otherwise we cannot settle ourselves comfortably in idea to the extent and responsibilities of all those suits of apartments, those corridors, pillars, galleries, looks out and looks in, and to the visitations of the steward. It is not a house, but a set of houses thrown into one; not a nest, but a range under cover; not a privacy, but a publicity and an empire! Admiration and blessing be upon it, for it is the great house of a good man and his large heart fits it well; and yet assuredly, in the eyes of us lovers of nooks and books, the idea of him never seems so happy as when it contracts its princely dimensions, and stoops into such cottage rooms as some in which we have had the pleasure of beholding him.

But we must not digress in this manner, with an impertinence however respectful.

The house to be desiderated by the lover of books in ordinary, is a warm, cosy, picturesque, irregular house, either old but not fragile, or new but built upon some good principle; a house possessing, nevertheless, modern comforts; neither big enough to require riches, nor small enough to cause inconvenience; more open to the sun than otherwise; yet with trees about it, and the sight of more; a prospect

on one of the sides, to give it a sense of freedom, but a closer scene in front, to insure the sense of snugness; a garden neither wild nor formal; or rather two gardens, if possible, though not of expensive size; one to remind him of the time of his ancestors, a "trim garden," with pattern beds of flowers, lavender, &c., and a terrace—the other of a freer sort, with a shrubbery, and turf and trees; a bowling-green by all means; (what sane person would be without a bowling-green?) a rookery; a dove-cote; a brook; a paddock; a heath for air; hill and dale for variety; walks in a forest, trunks of trees for seats; towers "embosomed" in their companions; pastures, cottages; a town not far off; an abbey close by; mountains in the distance; a glimpse of sails in a river, but not large sails; a combination, in short, of all which is the most——

But hold. One twentieth part of all this will suffice, if the air be good, and the neighbors congenial; a cottage, an old farm-house, anything solid and not ugly, always excepting the mere modern house, which looks like a barrack, or like a workhouse, or like a chapel, or like a square box with holes cut into it for windows, or a great bit of cheese or hearth-stone, or yellow ochre. It has a gravel walk up to the door, and a bit of unhappy creeper trying to live upon it; and (under any possible circumstances of quittal) is a disgrace to inhabit. As to the garden, the only absolute *sine qua non* is a few good brilliant beds of flowers, some grass, some shade, and a bank. But if there is a bee-hive in a corner it is better; and if there is a bee-hive, there ought to be a brook, provided it is clear, and the soil gravelly.

"There, in some covert, by a brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep."

Beware, though, as Gray says, "of *agoes*." It is good in the land of poetry, to sleep by a brook; but in Middlesex it is best to do it in one's chamber. The best place to take a nap in, out of doors, in this lovely but moist country, is a hay-field.

But we are detaining the reader from the houses and gardens provided for him by his books. What signify any others, while the en-

joyment of these is upon us? May-Fair or Saint Mary Axe can alike rejoice in them. The least luxurious room in a street, provided there be but quiet enough to read by, or imagination enough to forget one's self, enables us to be put in possession of a paradise.

We shall begin with the modest retreat desiderated by Cowley, and the eulogy which he has delivered on gardens in general. His style is as sweet and sincere as his wishes. The poetical portion of his essay is addressed to the famous English country gentleman and sylvan patriot, his friend Evelyn, who realized all and more than the sensitive poet did, because his means were greater and his complexion more healthy. But Cowley must have had delicious moments both in fancy and possession; and if there be gardens in heaven resembling those on earth (which some have thought, and which is not so unheavenly a notion as many that are held divine), his innocent heart is surely the inhabitant of one of the best of them.

THOUGHTS OF COWLEY ON A GARDEN.

FROM A LETTER TO EVELYN.

I NEVER had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life, only to the culture of them, and study of nature;

"And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty."

Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

"*Studiis florere ignobilis otii*;"*

though I could wish that he had rather said, "*Nobilis otii*," when he spoke of his own.

* [Take studious flower in undistinguished ease.]

Among many other arts and excellences which you enjoy, I am glad to find this favorite of mine the most predominant. I know nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and yet no man who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am able yet to do, is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity, which you instruct them how to find out and to enjoy.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
 With the full choice of thine own happiness;
 And happier yet, because thou'rt blest
 With prudence how to choose the best.
 In books and gardens, thou hast plac'd aright
 (Things which thou well dost understand,
 And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
 Thy noble innocent delight:
 And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
 Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet,
 The fairest garden in her looks,
 And in her mind the wisest books.
 Oh, who would change these soft, yet solid joys,
 For empty shows, and senseless noise;
 And all which rank ambition breeds,
 Which seem suchauteous flowers, and are such poisonous
 weeds?

When Epicurus to the world had taught
 That pleasure was the chiefest good,
 (And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly understood),
 His life he to his doctrine brought,
 And in a garden's shade that sovereign pleasure sought:

Whoever a true epicure would be,
 May there find cheap and virtuous luxury
 Vitellius' table, which did hold
 As many creatures as the ark of old,
 That fiscal table to which every day
 All countries did a constant tribute pay,
 Could nothing more delicious afford,
 Than nature's liberality
 Help'd with a little art and industry
 Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.
 The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
 For which the grape or melon she would lose.
 Though all th' inhabitants of sea and air
 Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
 Yet still the fruits of earth we see
 Plac'd the third story high in all her luxury.

Where does the wisdom and the power divine
 In a more bright and sweet reflection shine,—
 Where do we finer strokes and colors see
 Of the Creator's real poetry,
 Than when we with attention look
 Upon the third day's volume of the book?
 If we could open and intend our eye,
 We all, like Moses, should espy,
 Ev'n in a bush, the radiant Deity.
 But we despise these his inferior ways
 (Though no less full of miracle and praise):
 Upon the flowers of heaven we gaze;
 The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
 Though these perhaps do, more than they,
 The life of mankind sway.
 Although no part of mighty nature be

More stor'd with beauty, power and mystery,
 Yet, to encourage human industry,
 God has so order'd, that no other part
 Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

We nowhere art do so triumphant see,
 As when it grafts or buds the tree :
 In other things we count it to excel,
 If it a docile scholar can appear
 To nature, and but imitate her well ;
 It over-rules and is her master here.
 It imitates her Maker's power divine,
 And changes her sometimes and sometimes does refine :
 It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore,
 To its blest state of Paradise before.
 Who would not joy to see his conquering hand
 O'er all the vegetable world command ?
 And the wild giants of the wood receive
 What law he's pleas'd to give ?
 He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
 The gentler apple's winy juice,
 The golden fruit that worthy is
 Of Galatea's purple kiss :
 He does the savage hawthorn teach
 To bear the medlar and the pear ;
 He bids the rustic plum to rear
 A noble trunk, and be a peach.
 Even Daphne's coyness he doth mock,
 And weds the cherry to her stock.
 Though she refus'd Apollo's suit,
 Even she, that chaste and virgin tree,
 Now wonders at herself to see
 That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
 In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
 Which by his own imperial hands was made ;
 I see him smile (methinks) as he does talk
 With th' ambassadors who come in vain

T' entice him to a throne again.

If I, my friends (said he), should to you show
 All the delights which in these gardens grow,
 'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
 Than 'tis that you should carry me away.
 And trust me not, my friends, if every day

I walk not here with more delight
 Than ever, after the most happy fight,
 In triumph to the capitol I rode,
 To thank the gods, and to be thought, myself, almost a god.

A noble finish that, to a sometimes prosaical, often poetical, and always engaging and thoughtful effusion.

The garden possessed by Cowley's friend Evelyn was at his seat of Sayes Court, Deptford. It contained, among other beauties, an enormous hedge of holly, which made a glorious show in winter time with its shining red berries. The Czar Peter, who came to England in Evelyn's time, and occupied his house, took delight (by way of procuring himself a strong Russian sensation), in being drawn through this hedge "in a wheel-barrow !" He left it in sad condition accordingly, to the disgust and lamentation of the owner. The garden cuts rather a formal and solemn figure, to modern eyes, in the engravings that remain of it. But such engravings can suggest little of color and movement of flowers and the breathing trees ; and our ancestors had more reason to admire those old orderly creations of theirs than modern improvement allows. We are too apt to suppose that one thing cannot be good, because another is better ; or that an improvement cannot too often reject what it might include or ameliorate. There was no want of enthusiasm in the admirers of the old style, whether they were right or wrong. Hear what an arbiter of taste in the next age said of it, the famous Sir William Temple. He was an honest

statesman and mild Epicurean philosopher, in the real sense of that designation; that is to say, temperate and reflecting, and fonder of a garden and the friends about him than of anything else. He was a great cultivator of fruit. He had the rare pleasure of obtaining the retirement he loved; first at Sheen, near Richmond, in Surrey, which is the place alluded to in the following "Thoughts on Retirement;" and, secondly, at Moor Park, near Farnham, in the same county—a residence probably named after the Moor Park which he eulogizes in the subsequent description of a garden. In the garden of his house at Farnham he directed that his heart should be buried; and it was. The sun-dial, under which he desired it might be deposited, is still remaining.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE'S THOUGHTS ON RETIREMENT.

FROM ONE OF HIS LETTERS.

AS the country life, and this part of it more particularly (gardening), were the inclination of my youth itself, so they are the pleasure of my age; and I can truly say, that, among many great employments that have fallen to my share, I have never asked or sought for any one of them, but often endeavored to escape from them into the ease and freedom of a private scene, where a man may go his own way and his own pace, in the common paths or circles of life.—

*"Inter cuncta leges et per cunctabere doctos
Qua ratione queas traducere leniter ævum,
Quid minuat curæ, quid te tibi reddet amicum;
Quid pure tranqillet, honos, an dulce lucellum,
An secretum iter, et fallentis semita vitæ."*

But above all the learned read, and ask
By what means you may gently pass your age,
What lessens care, what makes thee thine own friend,
What truly calms the mind; honor, or wealth,
Or else a private path of stealing life.

These are the questions that a man ought at least to ask himself, whether he asks others or no, and to choose his course of life rather by his own humor and temper, than by common accidents, or advice of friends; at least if the Spanish proverb be true, That a fool knows more in his own house than a wise man in another's.

The measure of choosing well is, whether a man likes what he has chosen; which, I thank God, is what has befallen me; and though among the follies of my life, building and planting have not been the least, and have cost me more than I have the confidence to own, yet they have been fully recompensed by the sweetness and satisfaction of this retreat, where, since my resolution taken of never entering again into any public employments, I have passed five years without ever going once to town, though I am almost in sight of it and have a house there always ready to receive me. Nor has this been any sort of affectation, as some have thought it, but a mere want of desire or humor to make so small a remove: for when I am in this corner, I can truly say with Horace,

"Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari?
Sit mihi, quod nunc est, etiam minus, ut mihi vivam
Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Di.
Sit bona librorum, et provisæ frugis in annum
Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ;
Hoc satis est orare Jovem, qui donat et aufert."

Me when the cold Digentian stream revives,
What does my friend believe I think or ask?
Let me yet less possess, so I may live,
Whate'er of life remains, unto myself.
May I have books enough, and one year's store,
Not to depend upon each doubtful hour;
This is enough of mighty Jove to pray,
Who, as he pleases, gives and takes away.

AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM THE ESSAYS OF SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor Park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the Countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by Dr. Donne. I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expense. It lies on the side of a hill (upon which the house stands), but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden. The great parlor opens into the middle of a terras gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may be, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels, and at large distances, which have the beauty of orange-trees, out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned by two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters. At the end of the terras-walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters, open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terrasses covered with lead, and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses at the end of the first terras-walk. The cloister

facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles, or other more common greens,* and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been in as much vogue as it is now.

From the middle of the parterre is a descent by many steps, flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them (covered with lead, and flat) into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees, ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady. The walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell-rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, very shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

This was Moor Park when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad. What it is now I can give little account, having passed through several hands that have made great changes in gardens as well as houses; but the remembrance of what it was is too pleasant ever to forget.

The taste of Sir William Temple in gardening prevailed more or less up to the time of George the Third; but though Milton had in some degree countenanced it, or appeared to do so, in the couplet in which he speaks of

"Retired leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,"

yet the very universality of right feeling natural to a poet could not help running out of such bounds, when he came to describe a garden fit for paradise. Spenser had set him the example in his "Bower of

* *Greens* formerly meant plants in general.

Bliss ;" and Tasso, who is supposed to have drawn from some actual gardens in his own time, had set Spenser himself the example in his beautiful account of the bowers of Armida. The probability is, that in all great ages Nature had spoken on the subject, in particular instances, to the feelings of genius. Even the Chinese are thought to have anticipated the modern taste, though with their usual semi-barbarous mixture of clumsy magnificence and petty details; possibly not always so much so, as the startled invidiousness of their betters has supposed. The Chinese, at all events, are very fond of flowers, and show a truly poetical appreciation of their merits, as may be seen in the charming novel of *Ju-Kiao-Li*. Milton's garden of Eden made a great impression, when Addison dug it up for the general benefit in his articles on the great poet in the *Spectator*. Pope's good sense was naturally on the side of it; and Shenstone gave into it with practical and masterly enthusiasm. Hence the rise of what is called landscape gardening. The new taste ran a little wild at first in the hands of "Kent and Nature;" then incurred another danger in more mechanical hands; but has finally become the best that ever existed, by the combination of a liberal feeling for nature with the avowed and local reasonableness of art. Gardens are now adapted to places, to climates, and to the demands of the presence of a house; that is to say, to the compromise which the house naturally tends to make between something like the orderliness and comfort inside of it, and the nature which art goes forth to meet. This is the reason why we have said we should like to have two gardens, if possible: one modified from the old terraces and parterres and formal groves of our ancestors, and the other from the wildness of "Kent and Nature." If required to choose between the two, we should say, Give us anything comprising a few trees, a few flowers, a plot of grass, a bench, and seclusion;—anything in which we could pace up and down, sit when we pleased, see a little brilliant color, a good deal of green, and not be overlooked. Whatever did this best, we should like best, whether made by art or nature.

There was a lady in the time of Pope, a true poetess (if she had but known it and taken pains), Lady Winchilsea, a friend of his, who had as thorough a taste for seclusion on the romantic side as ever existed. Her maiden name was Kingsmill; her husband the fifth Earl of Winchilsea, of the same family that now possess the title. Anne Kingsmill was an open-hearted, excellent creature; she made a loving friend and wife; is one of the very few original observers of nature

(as Wordsworth has remarked) who appeared in an artificial age; and deserves to have been gathered into collections of English verse far more than half of our minor poets. We will give a taste or two of this lady's style from her poem on the subject of retirement, and then conclude the present department of our book with two papers out of the periodical works of Mackenzie, worthy to have been read by herself, and more suited to the desires of readers in general. There is a great deal more of the poem, all creditable to the writer's turn of mind, but not choice enough in style for a book of selection. We beg the reader's admiration for the burden at the close of each paragraph.

PETITION FOR AN ABSOLUTE RETREAT.

FROM A POEM BY THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA.

GIVE me, O indulgent Fate,
 Give me yet before I die,
 A sweet, but absolute retreat,
 'Mongst paths so lost, and trees so high,
 That the world may ne'er invade,
 Through such windings and such shade,
 My unshaken liberty.

No intruders thither come,
 Who visit but to be from home;
 None who their vain moments pass
 Only studious of their glass.
 News, that charm to listening ears,
 That false alarm to hopes and fears,
 That common theme for every fop
 From the statesman to the shop,
 In these coverts ne'er be spread;
 Of who's deceas'd or who's to wed
 Be no tidings thither brought;
 But silent as a midnight thought,

Where the world may ne'er invade,
Be those windings and that shade.

Courteous Fate ! afford me there
A table spread, without my care,
With what the neighb'ring fields impart,
Whose cleanliness be all its art.
When of old the calf was drest
(Though to make an angel's feast)
In the plain, unstudied sauce
Nor truffle, nor morillia was,
Nor cou'd the mighty patriarch's board
One far-fetch'd ortolan afford.

Courteous Fate, then give me there
Only plain and wholesome fare.
Fruits indeed (wou'd Heaven bestow)

All that did in Eden grow,
All, but the *forbidden tree*,
Wou'd be coveted by me ;
Grapes with juice so crowded up,
As breaking thro' the native cup ;
Figs (yet growing) candy'd o'er
By the sun's attracting pow'r ;
Cherries, with the downy peach,
All within my easy reach ;
Whilst creeping near the humble ground
Shou'd the strawberry be found,
Springing wheresoe'er I stray'd
Thro' those windings and that shade.

Give me there (since Heaven has shown
It was not good to be alone)
A partner suited to my mind,
Solitary, pleas'd, and kind ;

Who, partially, may something see
Preferr'd to all the world in me ;
Slighting, by my humble side,
Fame and splendor, wealth and pride.
When but two the earth possest,
'Twas their happiest days, and best ;
They by business, nor by wars,
They by no domestic cares,
From each other e'er were drawn,
But in some grove or flow'ry lawn
Spent the swiftly flying time,
Spent their own and nature's prime
In love, that only passion given
To perfect man, whilst friends with Heaven.
Rage, and jealousy, and hate,
Transports of his fallen state,
When by Satan's wiles betray'd,
Fly those windings, and that shade !
Let me then, indulgent Fate !
Let me still in my retreat
From all roving thoughts be freed,
Or aims that may contention breed ;
Nor be my endeavors led
By goods that perish with the dead !
Fitting might the life of man
Be indeed esteem'd a span,
If the present moment were
Of delight his only share ;
If no other joys he knew
Than what round about him grew :
But as those whose stars would trace
From a subterranean place,

Through some engine lift their eyes
To the outward glorious skies ;
So th' immortal spirit may,
When descended to our clay,
From a rightly govern'd frame
View the height from whence she came ;
To her Paradise be caught,
And things unutterable taught.
Give me, then, in that retreat,
Give me, O indulgent Fate !
For all pleasures left behind,
Contemplations of the mind.
Let the fair, the gay, the vain,
Courtship and applause obtain ;
Let th' ambitious rule the earth ;
Let the giddy fool have mirth ;
Give the epicure his dish,
Every one their several wish ;
Whilst my transports I employ
On that more extensive joy,
When all Heaven shall be survey'd
From those windings and that shade.

An old Country House and an old Lady.

FROM MACKENZIE'S "LOUNGER," NO. 87.

THE old lady described in the following charming paper of Mackenzie (which was a favorite with Sir Walter Scott), is not of so large-minded an order as Lady Winchilsea, but she has a good heart; is very touching and pleasant; and her abode suits her admirably. It is the remnant of something that would have been greater in a greater age. We fancy her countenance to have been one that would have reminded us of the charming old face in Drayton:

"Ev'n in the aged'st face where beauty once did dwell,
And Nature in the least but seemed to excel,
Time cannot make such waste, but something will appear
To show some little tract of delicacy there."

Polyolbion.

The reader, perhaps, hardly requires to be told that Mackenzie, whose writings have been gathered into the British classics, was a Scottish gentleman, bred to the bar, who in his youth wrote the once popular novel called the *Man of Feeling*, and died not long ago at a reverend age, universally regretted. He was the editor and principal writer of the two periodical works called the *Mirror* and *Lounger*, to which several of the reigning Scottish wits contributed. He was not a very original or powerful writer, but he was a very shrewd, elegant, and pleasing one, a happy offset from Addison; and he sometimes showed great pathos. His stories of *La Roche* and *Louisa Venoni* are among the most affecting in the world, and free from the somewhat

morbid softness of his novel. We are the happier in being able to do this tardy, though very unnecessary justice to the merits of a good man and a graceful essayist, because in the petulance and presumption of youth we had mistaken our incompetence to judge them for the measure of their pretensions.

I HAVE long cultivated a talent very fortunate for a man of my disposition, that of travelling in my easy chair; of transporting myself, without stirring from my parlor, to distant places and to absent friends; of drawing scenes in my mind's eye; and of peopling them with the groups of fancy, or the society of remembrance. When I have sometimes lately felt the dreariness of the town, deserted by my acquaintance; when I have returned from the coffee-house, where the boxes were unoccupied, and strolled out from my accustomed walk, which even the lame beggar had left, I was fain to shut myself up in my room, order a dish of my best tea (for there is a sort of melancholy which disposes one to make much of one's self), and calling up the powers of memory and imagination, leave the solitary town for a solitude more interesting, which my younger days enjoyed in the country, which I think, and if I am wrong I do not wish to be undeceived, was the most Elysian spot in the world.

'Twas at an old lady's, a relation and godmother of mine, where a particular incident occasioned my being left during the vacation of two successive seasons. Her house was formed out of the remains of an old Gothic castle, of which one tower was still almost entire; it was tenanted by kindly daws and swallows. Beneath, in a modernized part of the house, resided the mistress of the mansion. The house was skirted by a few majestic elms and beeches, and the stumps of several others showed that once they had been

more numerous. To the west a clump of firs covered a rugged rocky dell, where the rooks claimed a prescriptive seignory. Through this a dashing rivulet forced its way, which afterwards grew quiet in its progress; and gurgling gently through a piece of downy meadow-ground, crossed the bottom of the garden, where a little rustic paling enclosed a washing-green, and a wicker seat, fronting the south, was placed for the accommodation of the old lady, whose lesser tour, when her fields did not require a visit, used to terminate in this spot. Here, too, were ranged the hives for her bees, whose hum, in a still warm sunshine, soothed the good old lady's indolence, while their proverbial industry was sometimes quoted for the instruction of her washers. The brook ran brawling through some underwood on the outside of the garden, and soon after formed a little cascade, which fell into the river that winded through a valley in front of the house. When hay-making or harvest was going on, my godmother took her long stick in her hand, and overlooked the labors of the mowers or reapers; though I believe there was little thrift in the superintendency, as the visit generally cost her a draught of beer or a dram, to encourage their diligence.

Within doors she had so able an assistant, that her labor was little. In that department an old man-servant was her minister, the father of my Peter, who serves me not the less faithfully that we have gathered nuts together in my godmother's hazel-bank. This old butler (I call him by his title of honor, though in truth he had many subordinate offices) had originally enlisted with her husband, who went into the army a youth (though he afterwards married and became a country gentleman), had been his servant abroad, and attended him during his last illness at home. His best hat, which he wore on Sundays, with a scarlet waistcoat of his master's, had still a cockade in it.

Her husband's books were in a room at the top of a screw staircase, which had scarce been opened since his death ; but her own library, for Sabbath or rainy days, was ranged in a little book-press in the parlor. It consisted, so far as I can remember, of several volumes of sermons, a *Concordance*, *Thomas à Kempis*, *Antoninus's Meditations*, the works of the author of the *Whole Duty of Man*, and a translation of *Boethius* ; the original editions of the *Spectator* and *Guardian*, *Cowley's Poems* (of which I had lost a volume soon after I first came about her house), *Baker's Chronicle*, *Burnet's History of his own Times*, *Lamb's Royal Cookery*, *Abercromby's Scots Warriors*, and *Nisbet's Heraldry*.

The subject of the last-mentioned book was my god-mother's strong ground ; and she could disentangle a point of genealogy beyond any one I ever knew. She had an excellent memory for anecdotes ; and her stories, though sometimes long, were never tiresome ; for she had been a woman of great beauty and accomplishment in her youth, and had kept such company as made the drama of her stories respectable and interesting. She spoke frequently of such of her own family as she remembered when a child, but scarcely ever of those she had lost, though one could see she thought of them often. She had buried a beloved husband and four children. Her youngest, Edward, "her beautiful her brave," fell in Flanders, and was not entombed with his ancestors. His picture, done when a child, an artless red and white portrait, smelling at a nosegay, but very like withal, hung at her bed-side, and his sword and gorget were crossed under it. When she spoke of a soldier, it was in a style above her usual simplicity ; there was a sort of swell in her language, which sometimes a tear (for her age had not lost the privilege of tears) made still more eloquent. She kept her sorrows, like her devotions that solaced them, sacred to herself. They

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threw nothing of gloom over her deportment; a gentle shade only, like the fleckered clouds of summer, that increase, not diminish, the benignity of the season.

She had few neighbors, and still fewer visitors; but her reception of such as did visit her was cordial in the extreme. She pressed a little too much, perhaps; but there was so much heart and good-will in her importunity, as made her good things seem better than those of any other table. Nor was her attention confined only to the good fare of her guests, though it might have flattered her vanity more than that of most exhibitors of good dinners, because the cookery was generally directed by herself. Their servants lived as well in her hall, and their horses in her stable. She looked after the airing of their sheets, and saw their fires mended if the night was cold. Her old butler, who rose betimes, would never suffer anybody to mount his horse fasting.

The parson of the parish was her guest every Sunday, and said prayers in the evening. To say truth, he was no great genius, nor much a scholar. I believe my godmother knew rather more of divinity than he did; but she received from him information of another sort: he told her who were the poor, the sick, the dying of the parish, and she had some assistance, some comfort for them all.

I could draw the old lady at this moment! dressed in gray, with a clean white hood nicely plaited (for she was somewhat finical about the neatness of her person), sitting in her straight-backed elbow-chair, which stood in a large window, scooped out of the thickness of the ancient wall. The middle panes of the window were of painted glass—the story of Joseph and his brethren. On the outside waved a honey-suckle tree, which often threw its shade across her book or her work; but she would not allow it to be cut down. “It has stood there many a day,” said she, “and we old inhabi-

tants should bear with one another." Methinks I see her thus seated, her spectacles on, but raised a little on her brow for a pause of explanation, their shagreen case laid between the leaves of a silver-clasped family Bible. On one side, her bell and snuff-box; on the other, her knitting apparatus in a blue damask bag.—Between her and the fire an old Spanish pointer, that had formerly been her son Edward's, teased, but not teased out of his gravity, by a little terrier of mine.—All this is before me, and I am a hundred miles from town, its inhabitants, and its business. In town I may have seen such a figure: but the country scenery around, like the tasteful frame of an excellent picture, gives it a heightening, a relief, which it would lose in any other situation.

Some of my readers, perhaps, will look with little relish on the portrait. I know it is an egotism in me to talk of its value; but over this dish of tea, and in such a temper of mind, one is given to egotism. It will be only adding another to say, that when I recall the rural scene of the good old lady's abode, her simple, her innocent, her useful employments, the afflictions she sustained in this world, the comforts she drew from another, I feel a serenity of soul, a benignity of affections, which I am sure confer happiness, and I think must promote virtue.

This delightful paper appears to have had its just effect on the readers of the *Lounger*. It produced some pleasant remarks from a correspondent who signed himself "Urbanus;" and these remarks produced a letter from the Editor himself, under the signature of "Adrastus," which contains a sort of character of an Old Gentleman to match that of the Old Lady, and has also a tone of reflection that will sensibly affect most readers, especially those at a similar time of life.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY IN THE DECLINE
OF LIFE.

FROM THE SAME, NO. 93.

SIR,—I, as well as your correspondent Urbanus, was very much pleased with your late paper on the moral use of the country, and the portrait of the excellent lady it contained. I am an old man, sir, but thank God, with all my faculties and feelings entire and alive about me; and your description recalled to my memory some worthy characters with which my youth was acquainted, and which, I am inclined to believe, I should find it a little difficult, were I even disposed to look out for them, to supply now. At my time of life, friends are a treasure which the fortunate may have preserved, but the most fortunate can hardly acquire; and if I am not mistaken in my opinion of the present race, there are not many friendships among them which I would be solicitous to acquire or they will be likely to preserve. It is not of their little irregularities or imprudencioes I complain; I know these must always be expected and pardoned in the young; and there are few of us old people who can recollect our youthful days without having some things of that sort to blush for. No, Mr. Lounger, it is their prudence, their wisdom, their foresight, their policy, I find fault with. They put on the livery of the world so early, and have so few of the weaknesses of feeling or of fancy! To this cause I impute the want of that rural sentiment which your correspondent Urbanus seems to suppose is banished only from the country retreats of town dissipation, from the abodes of fashionable and frivolous people, who carry all the follies and pleasures of a city into scenes destined for rural simplicity and rural enjoyment. But in truth, sir, the people of the country themselves, who

never knew fashionable life, or city dissipation, have now exchanged the simple-hearted pleasures which in my younger days were common among them, for ideas of a much more selfish sort. Most of my young acquaintance there (and I spend at least eight months of the year in the country) are really arrived at that prudent way of estimating things which we used to be diverted with in Hudibras :

“ For what’s the value of a thing,
But as much money as ’twill bring ?”

Their ambition, their love, their friendship, all have this tendency ; and their no-ambition, their no-love, their no-friendship, or, in one word, their indifference about every object from which some worldly advantage is not to be drawn, is equally observable on the other hand. On such a disposition, Mr. Lounger, what impression is to be made by rural objects or rural scenery ? The visions which these paint in fancy, or the tender ties they have on remembrance, cannot find room in an imagination or a heart made callous by selfish and interested indifference. ’Tis with regret rather than resentment that I perceive this sort of turn so prevalent among the young people of my acquaintance, or those with whom I am connected. I have now, alas ! no child of my own in whom I can either lament such a failing, or be proud of the want of it.

I think myself happy, sir, that, even at my advanced period of life, I am still susceptible of such impressions as those which our 87th Number imputes to rural contemplation. At this season, above all others, methinks they are to be enjoyed. Now in this fading time of the year, when the flush of vegetation and the glow of maturity is past, when the fields put on a sober or rather saddened appearance, I look on the well-known scenery around my country dwelling, as I would

on a friend fallen from the pride of prosperity to a more humble and more interesting situation. The withering grass that whistles on the unsheltered bank; the fallen leaves strewed over the woodland path; the silence of the almost naked copse, which not long ago rung with the music of the birds; the flocking of their little tribes that seem mute with the dread of ills to come; the querulous call of the partridge in the bare brown field, and the soft low song of the red-breast from the household shed; this pensive landscape, with these plaintive accompaniments, dimmed by a gray October sky, which we look on with the thoughts of its shortened and still shortening light; all this presses on my bosom a certain still and gentle melancholy, which I would not part with for all the pleasure that mirth could give, for all the luxury that wealth could buy.

You say, truly, in one of your late papers, that poetry is almost extinguished among us: it is one of my old-fashioned propensities to be fond of poetry, to be delighted with its descriptions, to be affected by its sentiments. I find genuine poetry a sort of opening to the feelings of my mind, to which my own expression could not give vent; I see in its descriptions a picture more lively and better composed, than my own less distinct and less vivid ideas of the objects around me could furnish. It is with such impressions that I read the following lines of Thomson's *Autumn* introductory of the solemn and beautiful apostrophe to philosophic melancholy:—

“ But see the fading many-color'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.

“ Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumined wide
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks.”

About this time three years, sir, I had the misfortune to lose a daughter, the last survivor of my family, whom her mother, dying at her birth, left a legacy to my tenderness, who closed a life of the most exemplary goodness, of the most tender filial duty, of the warmest benevolence, of the most exalted piety, by a very gradual but not unperceived decay.

When I think on the returning season of this calamity, when I see the last fading flowers of autumn, which my Harriet used to gather with a kind of sympathetic sadness, and hear the small chirping note of the flocking linnets, which she used to make me observe as the elegy of the year! when I have drawn her picture in the midst of this rural scenery, and then reflected on her many virtues and accomplishments, on her early and unceasing attention to myself, her gentle and winning manners to every one around her; when I remember her resignation during the progress of her disorder, her unshaken and sublime piety in its latest stages; when these recollections filled my mind, in conjunction with the drooping images of the season, and the sense of my own waning period of life, I feel a mixture of sadness and of com-

posure, of humility and of elevation of spirit, which I think, sir, a man would ill exchange for any degree of unfeeling prudence, or of worldly wisdom and indifference.

The attachment to rural objects is like that family affection which a warm and uncorrupted mind preserves for its relations and early acquaintance. In a town, the lively partiality and predilections for these relations or friends is weakened or lost in the general intercourse of the multitude around us. In a town, external objects are so common, so unappropriated to ourselves, and are so liable to change and to decay, that we cannot feel any close or permanent connection with them. In the country we remember them unchanged for a long space of time, and for that space known and frequented by scarce any but ourselves. "Methinks I should hate," says a young lady, the child of fiction, yet drawn with many features like that excellent girl I lost, "methinks I should hate to have been born in a town. When I say my native brook, or my native hill, I talk of friends, of whom the remembrance warms my heart." When the memory of persons we dearly loved is connected with the view of those objects, they have then a double link to the soul. It were tender enough for me to view some ancient trees that form my common evening walk, did I only remember what I was when I first sported under their shade, and what I am when I rest under it now; but it is doubly tender when I think of those with whom I have walked there; of her whom but a few summers ago I saw beneath those beeches, smiling in health, and beauty, and happiness, her present days lighted up with innocence and mirth, and her future drawn in the flattering colors of fancy and of hope.

But I know not why I should trouble you with this recital of the situation and feelings of an individual, or indeed why I should have written to you at all, except that I caught

a sort of congenial spirit from your 87th Number, and was led by the letter of Urbanus to compare your description of a personage in former times with those whose sentiments I sometimes hear in the present days. I am not sure that these have gained in point of substance what they have lost in point of imagination. Power, and wealth, and luxury, are relative terms; and if address, and prudence, and policy, can only acquire us our share, we shall not account ourselves more powerful, more rich, or more luxurious, than when in the little we possessed we were still equal to those around us. But if we have narrowed the sources of internal comfort and internal enjoyment,—if we have debased the powers of purity of the mind,—if we have blunted the sympathy or contracted the affections of the heart, we have lost some of that treasure which was absolutely our own, and derived not its value from comparative estimation. Above all, if we have allowed the prudence or the interests of this world to shut out from our souls the view or the hopes of a better, we have quenched that light which would have cheered the darkness of affliction and the evening of old age, which at this moment, Mr. Lounger (for like an old man I must come back to myself), I feel restoring me my virtuous friends, my loved relations, my dearest child!—I am, &c.

ADRASTUS.

Two Sonnets, and an Inscription on a Spring.

BY THOMAS WARTON.

It is curious that Warton, who was by no means a great poet, should have written some of the most favorite sonnets in the language. The reason is, that they were upon subjects he understood, and that the writer was in earnest. Upon most, indeed upon any occasions, Warton's mind was not sufficiently active or excitable to be moved into much eloquence of expression. The Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, was a luxurious Protestant monk, who found something to minister to his satisfaction in everything around him, Gothic architecture, books, country walks, &c., not omitting the club-room and the pipe; but he was content, in general, to admire them through the medium of the thoughts of others, and so let the companions of his mind speak for him. He was susceptible, however, of strong general impressions; and as these, in the instances before us, were made by his favorite subjects, they are given with corresponding truth. Almost all his sonnets (they are only nine), but especially these two, notwithstanding conventional phrases, have elegance, simplicity, and a touching fervor. Nobody had written on the particular topics before him, at least not poetically; so that his modesty was not tempted into imitation. It makes us regret that he did not oftener take up new subjects, especially when we see the original eye for nature which is discernible even in his half centos from the poets he admired. It must be allowed, nevertheless, that the good comfortable collegian was made rather to feel sentiment in others, than to express it in his own sturdy person.

INSCRIPTION OVER A CALM AND CLEAR SPRING.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
 An emblem of true charity ;
 Who, while my bounty I bestow,
 Am neither heard, nor seen, to flow.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S
 "MONASTICON."*

DEEM not devoid of elegance the sage,
 By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguil'd,
 Of painful pedantry the poring child,
 Who turns of these proud domes th' historic page,
 Now sunk by time and Henry's fiercer rage.
 Think'st thou the warbling muses never smil'd
 On his lone hours ? Ingenuous views engage
 His thoughts, on themes, unclassic falsely styl'd,
 Intent. While cloistered piety displays
 Her mouldering rolls, the piercing eye explores
 New manners and the pomp of elder days,
 Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
 Nor rough, nor barren, are the winding ways
 Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE.†

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
 Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
 Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
 And breathing forms from the rude marble start,

* The *Monasticon* is an account of the monasteries existing in England before the Reformation.

† The seat of the Pembroke family; where there was, and is, a fine collection of pictures.

How to life's humbler scene can I depart,
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers ?
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours ?
Vain the complaint. For fancy can impart
(To fate superior and to fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall.
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the graces in their Attic pall ;
Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

Descriptions of Night.

FROM THE NOTES TO OSSIAN.

THE dispute respecting the merits and authenticity of the poems of Ossian has long settled down, we believe, into an admission of the former, and a conclusion that Macpherson invented them, assisted by traditional fragments. It is a pity Macpherson ever suffered the dispute to take place; for it has left him a doubtful reputation both for genius and honesty, when perhaps nobody would have questioned either. The fragments may have excelled the inventions; but hardly any one, except a man of genius, could have put them so well together, notwithstanding the violation of times and manners. There is a great deal of repetition and monotony; yet somehow these faults themselves contribute to the welcome part of the impression. They affect us like the dreariness of the heaths and the moaning of the winds. But the work would not have stood its ground, and gained the admirers it has, did it not possess positive beauties; veins of genuine feeling and imagination. It is understood that an Italian translation was a favorite with Bonaparte and his officers during the early republican times. The present king of Sweden, Oscar Bernadotte, is said, we believe, to have been named after the son of Ossian. But even these illustrious testimonies to its merit are unnecessary after the single one of Gray, who in his Letters repeatedly expresses his admiration, particularly of the passages before us. We shall extract his notice of them by way of argument as well as critique. It is hardly requisite to mention, that Macpherson does not attribute these passages to Ossian. He has put them in a note, and says they were written by some imitator "a thousand years afterwards!" Gray takes no notice of

this; nor shall we. If they are not of the same manufacture as the rest, ghost is not like ghost, nor a wind a wind.

Observe how beautifully Gray talks of the gust of wind "recollecting itself," and resembling the voice of a spirit.

"I have received," he says to his friend Mr. Stonhewer, "another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind (because it is merely description), but full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five bards pass the night at the castle of a chief (himself a principal bard); each goes in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has seen (it is an October night, the harvest month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees ghosts (more or less). The idea that struck me and surprised me most, is the following:—One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says,

"Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night;
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;
Their songs are of other worlds!"

Did you never observe (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an *Æolian* harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes: he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his *Winter*. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

"The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides,
The boat is brimful in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream;
Her lover promised to come.
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake;
Are these his groans on the gale?
Is this his broken boat on the shore?"

Note, that Gray has written out these sentences in distinct lines, as though they had been metrically disposed in the original, and not prose. And indeed it is difficult not to discern a music in them, or to think they want a music of any other sort. But the effect would be different in long compositions.

FIRST BARD.

NIGHT is dull and dark. The clouds rest on the hills. No star with green trembling beam, no moon, looks from the sky. I hear the blast in the wood; but I hear it distant far. The stream of the valley murmurs; but its murmur is sullen and sad. From the tree at the grave of the dead the long-howling owl is heard. I see a dim form on the plain! It is a ghost! it fades, it flies. Some funeral shall pass this way; the meteor marks the path.

The distant dog is howling from the hut of the hill. The stag lies on the mountain moss: the hind is at his side. She hears the wind in its branching horns. She starts, but lies again.

The roe is in the cleft of the rock: the heath-cock's head is beneath his wing. No beast, no bird is abroad, but the owl and the howling fox. She on a leafless tree; he in a cloud on the hill.

Dark, panting, trembling, sad, the traveller has lost his way. Through shrubs, through thorns, he goes along the gurgling rill. He fears the rock and the fen. He fears the ghost of night. The old tree groans to the blast; the falling branch resounds. The wind drives the withered burs, clung together, along the grass. It is the light tread of a ghost! He trembles amidst the night.

Dark, dusky, howling is night, cloudy, windy, and full of ghosts! The dead are abroad! My friends, receive me from the night.

SECOND BARD.

The wind is up. The shower descends. The spirit of the mountain shrieks. Woods fall from high. Windows flap. The growing river roars. The traveller attempts the ford. Hark! that shriek! he dies! The storm drives the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. They tremble as drives the shower, beside the mouldering bank.

The hunter starts from sleep, in his lonely hut; he wakes the fire decayed. His wet dogs smoke around him. He fills the chinks with heath. Loud roar two mountain-streams which meet beside his booth.

Sad on the side of a hill the wandering shepherd sits. The tree resounds above him. The stream roars down the rock. He waits for the rising moon to guide him to his home.

Ghosts ride on the storm to-night. Sweet is their voice between the squalls of wind. Their songs are of other worlds.

The rain is past. The dry wind blows. Streams roar, and windows flap. Cold drops fall from the roof. I see the starry sky. But the shower gathers again. The west is gloomy and dark. Night is stormy and dismal; receive me, my friends, from night.

THIRD BARD.

The wind still sounds between the hills, and whistles through the grass of the rock. The firs fall from their place. The turfy hut is torn. The clouds, divided, fly over the sky, and show the burning stars. The meteor, token of death! flies sparkling through the gloom. It rests on the hill. I

see the withered fern, the dark-browed rock, the fallen oak. Who is that in his shroud beneath the tree, by the stream?

The waves dark tumble on the lake, and lash its rocky sides. The boat is brimful in the cove; the oars on the rocking tide. A maid sits sad before the rock, and eyes the rolling stream. Her lover promised to come. She saw his boat, when yet it was light, on the lake. Is this his broken boat on the shore? Are these his groans on the wind?

Hark! the hail rattles around. The flaky snow descends. The tops of the hills are white. The stormy winds abate. Various is the night and cold; receive me, my friends, from night.

FOURTH BARD.

Night is calm and fair: blue, starry, settled is night! The winds, with the clouds, are gone. They sink behind the hill. The moon is upon the mountains. Trees glisten: streams shine on the rock. Bright rolls the settled lake: bright the stream of the vale.

I see the trees overturned; the shocks of corn on the plain. The wakeful hind rebuilds the shocks, and whistles on the distant field.

Calm, settled, fair is night! Who comes from the place of the dead? That form with the robe of snow-white arms, and dark-brown hair! It is the daughter of the chief of the people: she that lately fell! Come, let us view thee, O maid! thou that hast been the delight of heroes! The blast drives the phantom away: white without form, it ascends the hill.

The breezes drive the blue mist slowly over the narrow

vale. It rises on the hill, and joins its head to heaven. Night is settled, calm, blue, starry, bright with the moon. Receive me not, my friends, for lovely is the night.

FIFTH BARD.

Night is calm, but dreary. The moon is in a cloud in the west. Slow moves that pale beam along the shaded hill. The distant wave is heard. The torrent murmurs on the rock. The cock is heard from the booth. More than half the night is past. The housewife, groping in the gloom, rekindles the settled fire. The hunter thinks that day approaches, and calls his bounding dogs. He ascends the hill, and whistles on his way. A blast removes the cloud: he sees the starry plough of the north. Much of the night is to pass. He nods by the mossy rock.

Hark! the whirlwind is in the wood. A low murmur in the vale! It is the mighty army of the dead, returning from the air.

The moon rests behind the hill. The beam is still on that lofty rock. Long are the shadows of the trees. Now it is dark over all. Night is dreary, silent, and dark; receive me, my friends, from night.

THE CHIEF.

Let clouds rest on the hills, spirits fly, and travellers fear. Let the winds of the woods arise, the sounding storms descend. Roar streams, and windows flap, and green-winged meteors fly! Rise the pale moon from behind her hills, or enclose her head in clouds! Night is alike to me, stormy or gloomy the sky. Night flies before the beam, when it is

poured on the hill. The young day returns from his clouds, but we return no more.

Where are our chiefs of old? Where our kings of mighty name? The fields of their battles are silent. Scarce their mossy tombs remain. We shall also be forgot. This lofty house shall fall. Our sons shall not behold the ruins in grass. They shall ask of the aged, "Where stood the walls of our fathers?"

Raise the song, and strike the harp; send round the shells of joy. Suspend a hundred tapers on high. Youths and maids begin the dance. Let some graybeard be near me, to tell the deeds of other times; of kings renowned in our land, of chiefs we behold no more. Thus let the night pass, until morning shall appear in our hall. Then let the bow be at hand, the dogs, the youths of the chase. We shall ascend the hill with day, and awake the deer.

Retirement and Death of a Statesman.

PASSAGES SELECTED FROM TROTTER'S MEMOIRS OF FOX.

POLITICS have nothing to do with this volume. The reader will have seen, that the questions between Whig and Tory are of no more concern to us, in these delightful lands of compilation, than any other interference which should limit their extent and freedom. There have been amiable and large-hearted men on both sides. Mr. Fox was one of them; and we repeat these accounts of him, as we should of any other human being under the like circumstances, because they suit this portion of our work, and the whole genial intention of it.

Mr. Trotter's book has some faults of style, but not in the passages extracted. He has given a valuable report of the way in which the great statesman passed his time at Saint Anne's Hill; and the account of his own feelings, while occupied in waiting his patron's last hour, especially during the visit to the dressing-room once occupied by the Duchess of Devonshire, is very striking. Saint Anne's Hill is in the neighborhood of Chertsey.

ST. Anne's Hill is delightfully situated; it commands a rich and extensive prospect. The house is embowered in trees, resting on the side of a hill, its grounds declining gracefully to a road, which bounds them at bottom. Some fine trees are grouped round the house, and three remarkably beautiful ones stand on the lawn; while a profusion of shrubs are distributed throughout with taste and judgment. Here

Mr. Fox was the tranquil and happy possessor of about thirty acres, and the inmate of a small but pleasant mansion. The simplicity and benignity of his manners, speaking the integrity of his character, soon dispelled those feelings of awe, which one naturally experiences on approaching what is very exalted.

The domestic life of Mr. Fox was equally regular and agreeable. In summer he rose between six and seven; in winter before eight. The assiduous care and excellent management of Mrs. Fox rendered his rural mansion the abode of peace, elegance, and order, and had long procured her the gratitude and esteem of those private friends whose visits to Mr. Fox, in his retirement at St. Anne's Hill, made them witnesses of this amiable woman's conduct. I confess I carried with me some of the vulgar prejudices respecting this great man! How completely was I undeceived! After breakfast, which took place between eight and nine in summer, and at a little after nine in winter, he usually read some Italian author with Mrs. Fox, and then spent the time preceding dinner at his literary studies, in which the Greek poets bore a principal part.

A frugal but plentiful dinner took place at three, or half-past two, in summer, and at four in winter; and a few glasses of wine were followed by coffee. The evening was dedicated to walking and conversation till tea-time, when reading aloud in history commenced, and continued till near ten. A light supper of fruit, pastry, or something very trifling, finished the day; and at half-past ten the family were gone to rest.

At breakfast the newspaper was read, commonly by Mr. Fox, as well as the letters which had arrived; for such was the noble confidence of his mind, that he concealed nothing from his domestic circle, unless it were the faults or the secrets of his friends. At such times, when the political topics

of the day were naturally introduced by the paper, I never could observe the least acrimony or anger against that party which so sedulously, and indeed successfully, had labored to exclude him from the management of affairs, by misrepresentations of his motives, rather than by refutations of his arguments.

In private conversation, I think, he was rather averse to political discussion, generally preferring subjects connected with natural history, in any of its branches: above all, dwelling with delight on classical and poetical subjects. It is not to be supposed, however, that, where the interests and happiness of millions were concerned, he preserved a cold silence.

About the end of May, Mrs. Fox mentioned slightly to me that Mr. Fox was unwell; but at this time there was no alarm or apprehension. In the beginning of June I received a message from her, requesting me to come to him, as he had expressed a wish for me to read to him, if I was disengaged. It was in the evening, and I found him reclining upon a couch, uneasy and languid. It seemed to me so sudden an attack, that I was surprised and shocked. He requested me to read some of the *Æneid* to him, and desired me to turn to the fourth book: this was his favorite part. The tone of melancholy with which that book commences, was pleasing to his mind: he appeared relieved, and to forget his uneasiness and pains; but I felt this recurrence to Virgil as a mournful omen of a great attack upon his system, and that he was already looking to abstract himself from noise, and tumult, and politics. Henceforth his illness rapidly increased, and was pronounced a dropsy! I have reason to think that he turned his thoughts very soon to retirement at St. Anne's Hill, as he found the pressure of business insupportably harassing; and I have ever had in mind those lines, as very applicable to him at this time:—

"And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the goal, from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes—my long vexations past—
Here to return, and die (at home) at last."

Another of these symptoms of melancholy foreboding, I thought, was shown in his manner at Holland House. Mrs. Fox, he, and I, drove there several times before his illness confined him, and when exercise was strongly urged. He looked around him the last day he was there with a farewell tenderness that struck me very much. It was the place where he had spent his youthful days. Every lawn, garden, tree, and walk, were viewed by him with peculiar affection. He pointed out its beauties to me, and, in particular, showed me a green lane or avenue, which his mother, the late Lady Holland, had made by shutting up a road. He was a very exquisite judge of the picturesque, and had mentioned to me how beautiful this road had become, since converted into an alley. He raised his eyes in the house, looking around, and was earnest in pointing out everything he liked and remembered.

Soon, however, his illness very alarmingly increased; he suffered dreadful pains, and often rose from dinner with intolerable suffering. His temper never changed, and was always serene and sweet: it was amazing to behold so much distressing anguish, and so great equanimity. His friends, alarmed, crowded round him, as well as those relatives who, in a peculiar degree, knew his value and affectionate nature.

Mrs. Fox, whose unwearied attentions were the chief comfort of the sufferer, and myself, read aloud a great deal to him. Crabbe's poems, in manuscript, pleased him a great deal; in particular, the little episode of Phœbe Dawson. He did not, however, hear them all read, and there are parts in which he would have suggested alterations. We thus read,

relieving each other, a great number of novels to him. He now saw very few persons. In truth, he had now every reason to do so,—visitors fatigued and oppressed him. He languished for St. Anne's Hill, and there all his hopes and wishes centered; he thought of a private life, and of resigning his office, and we had hopes that he might be restored sufficiently to enjoy health by abstaining from business. The Duke of Devonshire offered him the use of Chiswick House as a resting-place, from whence, if he gained strength enough, he might proceed to St. Anne's. Preparations for his departure began, therefore, to be made, which he saw with visible and unfeigned pleasure.

Two or three days before he was removed to Chiswick House, Mr. Fox sent for me, and with marked hesitation and anxiety, as if he much wished it, and yet was unwilling to ask it, informed me of his plan of going to Chiswick House, requesting me to form one of the family there. There was no occasion to request me; duty, affection, and gratitude, would have carried me wherever he went. About the end of July, Mrs. Fox and he went there, and on the following day I joined them. No mercenary hand approached him. Mrs. Fox hung over him every day with vigilant and tender affection: when exhausted I took her place; and at night, as his disorder grew grievously oppressive, a confidential servant and myself shared the watching and labors between us. I took the first part, because I read to him, as well as gave him medicine or nourishment.

We continued our reading of *Johnson's Lives of the Poets*. How often at midnight, as he listened with avidity, and made the remarks that occurred, he apologized to me for keeping me from my rest, but, still delighted with our reading, would say, "Well, you may go on a little more," as I assured him that I liked the reading aloud. At these times he would de-

Send Johnson, when I blamed his severity and unwillingness to allow, and incapacity to appreciate, poetical merit,—would refer me to his life of Savage, and plainly showed much partiality for Johnson. Of Dryden, he was a warm and almost enthusiastic admirer. He conversed a great deal about that great English poet; and indeed I never perceived, at any time, a stronger relish for, or admiration of, the poets, than at this afflicting period. I generally read to him till three or four in the morning, and then retired for a few hours: he showed always great uneasiness at my sitting up, but evidently was soothed and gratified by my being with him. At first he apologized for my preparing the nourishment, which required to be warmed in the night; but seeing how sincerely I was devoted to him, he ceased to make any remark. Once he asked me, at midnight, when preparing chicken panade for him, "Does this amuse you? I hope it does." He was so far from exacting attendance, that he received every little good office, every proper and necessary attention, as a favor and kindness done him. So unvitiated by commerce with mankind, so tender, so alive to all the charms of friendship, was this excellent man's heart! His anxiety also, lest Mrs. Fox's health should suffer, was uniformly great till the day he expired.

Lord Holland and General Fitzpatrick, as he grew worse, came and resided at Chiswick House entirely. Miss Fox also remained there. Thus he had around him, every day, all he loved most; and the overwhelming pressure of his disorder was as much as possible relieved by the converse and sight of cherished relatives and friends. Lord Holland showed how much he valued such an uncle. He never left him;—the hopes of power or common allurements of ambition, had no effect upon him. His affectionate attention to Mr. Fox, and his kindness to all who assisted that great man,

were endearing in a high degree. Miss Fox—calm and resigned, grieving, without uttering a word—would sit at the foot of his bed, and often reminded me of the fine heads of females, done by masterly hands, to express sorrow, dignity, and faith in God.

There was now a plaintiveness in his manner very interesting, but no way derogating from his fortitude and calmness. He did not affect the stoic. He bore his pains as a Christian and a man. Till the last day, however, I do not think he conceived himself in danger. A few days before the termination of his mortal career, he said to me at night, "Holland thinks me worse than I am;" and, in fact, the appearances were singularly delusive not a week before he expired. In the day, he arose and walked a little, and his looks were not ghastly or alarming by any means. Often did he latterly walk to his window to gaze on the berries of the mountain ash, which hung clustering on a young tree at Chiswick House; every morning he returned to look at it he would praise it, as the morning breeze, rustling, shook the berries and leaves; but then the golden sun, which played upon them, and the fresh air that comes with the dawn, were to me almost heart-sickening, though once so delightful: he whom I so much cherished and esteemed,—whose kindness had been ever unremitting and unostentatious,—~~he~~ whose society was to me happiness and peace,—was not long to enjoy this sun and this morning air. His last look on that mountain-ash was his farewell to nature.

I continued to read aloud to him every night, and as he occasionally dropt asleep, I was then left to the awful meditations incident to such a situation. No person was awake beside myself; the lofty rooms and hall of Chiswick House were silent, and the world reposed. In one of those melancholy pauses, I walked about for a few moments, and found

myself involuntarily and accidentally in the late Duchess of Devonshire's dressing-room. Everything was as that amiable and accomplished lady had left it: the music-book still open, the books not restored to their places, a chair as if she had but just left it, and every mark of a recent inhabitant in this elegant apartment. The Duchess had died in May, and Mr. Fox had very severely felt her loss. Half-opened notes lay scattered about. The night was solemn and still; and at that moment, had some floating sound of music vibrated through the air, I cannot tell to what my feelings would have been wrought. Never had I experienced so strong a sensation of the transitory nature of life, of the vanity of a fleeting world! I stood scarce breathing,—heard nothing,—listened. Scarcely knowing how I left the dressing-room, I returned. All was still. Mr. Fox slept quietly. I was deluded into a tranquil joy to find him still alive, and breathing without difficulty. His countenance was always serene in sleep: no troubled dreams ever agitated or distorted it,—it was the transcript of his guileless mind.

Mr. Fox expired between five and six in the afternoon of the 13th of September, 1806. The Tower guns were firing for the capture of Buenos Ayres, as he was breathing his last. ●

Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

WE desire to say as little as possible about this affecting and noble poem. It is so sweet, so true, and so universally appreciated, that we feel inclined to be as silent before it, as if listening to the wind over the graves. It is the fit conclusion for our book, both in the subject and spirit—serious, calm, and hopeful.

The epitaph is on the author; and never did a man speak of himself with a truth more beautifully combining dignity with humility, a sense of all that he felt worthy and all that he felt weak. We suspect, that the "cross'd in love" of the previous lines might very well apply to Gray. He had secret griefs of some kind, perhaps of disease, perhaps of sympathy with a good mother, and distress at having a bad father (for such, alas! was the case); but whatever they were, we may be sure that they were those of a good and kind man.

The poem before us is as sweet as if written by Coleridge, and as pious and universal as if religion had uttered it, undisturbed by polemics. It is a quintessence of humanity.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,

If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,

Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd

Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade ; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;
The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious hand the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonor'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
 Now drooping woful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree:
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the churchyard path we saw him borne—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE END.



7



IV.

The World Here and There;

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"This volume, written in Dickens's own peculiar style, gives us a bird's-eye view of various parts of the world, and contains a good deal that is instructive, combined with still more that is amusing. There are portions of it that task our risibles pretty severely, but if it were otherwise, one might be inclined to raise a doubt in respect to the authorship."—*Albany Argus*.

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VII.

Du. 237.

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